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NICE TO LEAVE YOU

The problem was old, but Ann's solution was startlingly new

By VIRGINIA DALE

Ann turned hurriedly as she saw the girl in her husband's arms.

ANN FIELDING came in from the porch; and just where the stairs curved down the hall she saw that girl from the Carters' in her husband's arms. It was dark. But they must have seen her, too, silhouetted against the doorway, for instantly the two entwined figures sprang apart.

Ann went on into the living-room and back to the party.

She heard her own voice cry blithely: "What a shame the Prestons had to go! But the evening's still young." She was quite proud of that blitheness. She listened to the rumble of voices that answered her, listened carefully for Terry's. He could slip back into the living-room through the library. Presently, she saw, he did.

"Shall we have some music?" Terry asked casually. He twirled busily at the dials of the radio. "Ann, what's the station of that orchestra I like?"

She told him. Someone said: "Terry, what'd you do without Ann? The way you depend on her——"

Ann joined in the laughter gaily. No one would have suspected it wasn't a perfect care-free laugh. That girl had probably slipped upstairs to powder her devastating nose. Ann looked towards the hall door. Over the general gaiety she knew Terry's eyes sought hers, questioning, defensive. He wasn't quite certain she had seen.

The girl from the Carters' came sauntering back into the living-room.

"She's lovely, isn't she?" little Mrs. Paxton murmured.

"Isn't she?" Ann replied. She made herself not even glance at Terry.

Mrs. Paxton leaned forward breathlessly. "I hear that she and Mr. Carter's brother—" she began. She turned for confirmation to her fat, comfortable husband. "Didn't we, dear? I was telling Mrs. Fielding we heard that young Carter and that pretty girl were interested in each other."

He nodded. Ann took time to wonder what it would be like to have a husband who could contemplate a girl unwishfully. She could imagine little Mrs. Paxton discussing this woman and that with Tom Paxton in a secure, unafraid partisanship of understanding.

"Of course, he hasn't much money, I understand," Mrs. Paxton went on happily. "What do you think, Mrs. Fielding? Will she take him?"

Seeing Terry dutifully, conscientiously walk past the girl from the Carters' to seat himself beside Jim Crowarth, Ann told Mrs. Paxton she didn't know what the girl would do. She realised Terry was looking at her now. He was almost saying: "You see how good I am, Ann? You couldn't possibly have seen what I'm awfully afraid you did."

Quite suddenly Ann wished that everyone would get up and go.

It was time. It was long past time. It was after one. She wanted to scream at them to go and find their silly wraps and just go; for all she wanted in the world was to be safely upstairs in her room.

She reached out blindly and took a drink, anyone's drink. It was standing forgotten on the little table next to her chair.

The music stopped. Terry leaped forward to find a substitute orchestra for his finished favorite. She wanted to cry out:

"No! They've got to go! Terry, we have to talk. Terry, we have such a lot to say to each other. Don't you know? Are you trying to make them stay so that we can't talk? Or are you keeping them all here because you can't bear to have that girl go too?"

"Well!" Plump Mr. Paxton eased up from his chair. "What about it? Getting pretty late." Little Mrs. Paxton was on her obedient feet.

They were all on their way at last. Ann kept saying grateful good-byes, felt her lips stretch in smiles, kept saying, "I'm so glad," when someone told her what a good time everyone had had. She made an arrangement for bridge with Bess Carter for Tuesday, knowing she wouldn't keep it, because that girl was going to be there another week.

She saw Terry saying good-night to the girl.

He said it lightly, with no more intimacy than he gave to anyone. But over his airy farewell to Bess, Ann saw the swift, the secret exchange of his look with that girl's and knew that even if Terry thought she had seen he was willing to risk it.

No matter what she and Terry said to each other, on Monday night, Tuesday night, or some night very soon, Terry's programme would include his perfect, regretful voice on the phone: "Ann, listen. I'm going to be held up at the office. Borden is up from the works—"

No, he couldn't be planning to use Borden again so soon. He had used Borden just last month for that blonde. But it would be some sane, uncheckable name on which he could hang his faint masquerade.

Ann turned towards the stairs.

"Tired, sweet?" Terry, the thoughtful husband, turned out lights, gathered together glasses.

"A little."

Over a tray he looked at her sharply. "What's the matter?"

For a bare second she stood there pondering her answer. "Why?" she put it to him at last. "What should be the matter?"

"Why, nothing, dear," he assured her. "Your voice sounded funny, that's all."

He was giving himself time to be sure she had seen. He didn't want to make any false moves. After all, he must be reasoning, the hall had been dark, and there was the chance that, coming in from the brightly lighted porch, she had seen nothing.

Ann started up the stairs. "I'll go on," she said. "Don't bother about things down here, Terry."

But she did not go to her room. She went, instead, to the sitting-room. She sat there on the wide couch, waiting.

He hadn't followed her. So that meant he realised now she had seen. She thought of the first time—that had been on their honeymoon—when he had given her a considered half-hour to herself. That had been after the little brunette had catapulted herself into his arms despite his desperate signals.

"Darling," he had begged Ann later, "don't look like that." She had sat feeling her heart smashed within her. "Ann, she doesn't matter. She's nothing to me. Those things just happen . . .

"Ann, my very dearest, don't cry. Don't feel like that," he pleaded two years ago . . . "Don't cry!"—at Christmas when she had opened that letter by mistake—a thousand times she had wished she hadn't!

SHE had preferred anything, any deliberate shutting of eyes, rather than the horrible anguish of proof. She had reached a peak of jealous frenzy, and all the time she had fought off his nearness while she had yearned for him until at last weak, broken, she yielded to his entreaties and royal promises and rested against him in a torment of gladness.

Now, as she waited, a sudden amazing realisation swept over her. Then she heard him coming.

"Terry," she called, and stood up.

She saw his face close up. Now he was sure she knew.

Almost instantly, the well-known charm returned. "My sweet——" he began, with only the smallest uncertainty about him. She could see him rapidly discarding one explanation, one excuse after another. Like a small boy, a sulkiness came over him.

"I know," he muttered. "I admit it. I'm no good. But I love you, Ann." He raised his eyes with an engaging frankness. Loving her best must make everything all right. "You know, no one is important but you. The others—well, they just happen."

Now he was feeling better. "Forgive me. Don't cry, darling. Don't cry——"

She said: "But, Terry, don't you see? I'm not crying. Not at all."

His face went blank.

She said clearly: "I'm going to leave you."

"You're going to—don't be absurd, darling."

When she said nothing to that, he repeated it. He went on: "What's a little kiss? You're making a mountain out of a molehill. Why, it's terrible for you to go talking about leaving me, Ann."

He went to her. He tried to take her in his arms because he had known their potent power for years. "Look, sweet. Don't you know you mustn't say ridiculous things about leaving me, just because you're jealous? You've been jealous before. These things——"

"Terry," she told him, "I'm not jealous. That's exactly the point. I'm going to leave you because I'm not."

"What?"

"It's odd," Ann went on in a remote, a logical way: "I can look back now, and know there was a sort of ecstasy in being fiercely jealous, of wanting you so terribly just to be mine. Why, Terry," she said, and looked quite surprised, "I'm grateful because I know you made me feel ever so much more deeply than constant loving could have done. And now that you can't make me feel anything except perhaps amusement——"

"Ann!"

"It's true. When I realised that seeing you kissing that girl to-night didn't matter to me at all, I felt cheated. And so I knew I wasn't going on being your wife."

"You don't mean that!"

"Oh, yes," she answered brightly. "I mean it. You see, I'm not going to live with any man who can't make me feel anything at all, not love, nor hate, nor even little things like impatience or pride in a golf score, nor distress at the wrong time. Nothing you do matters to me at all."

"You don't mean a thing you're saying! You're just jealous——"

"Don't you know," she asked as she went towards her room, "that a woman is only jealous of the man she wants?"

She closed her door against him and went into a new freedom.

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The children said good-bye excitedly, not realising the meaning of the parting.

THE PIED PIPER

You enjoyed every word of our serial, "Landfall" . . . Here's the first instalment of another magnificent story by the same author.

By NEVIL SHUTE

HIS name is John Sidney Howard, and he is a member of my club in London. I came in for dinner that night about eight o'clock, tired after a long day of conferences about my aspect of the war. He was just entering the club ahead of me, a tall and rather emaciated man of about seventy. He tripped over the doormat as he went in and stumbled forward; the hall porter jumped out and caught him by the elbow.

"Thing caught my toe," he said. "Thank you, Peters. Getting old, I suppose."

The man smiled. "Several of the gentlemen have caught their foot there recently, sir," he said. "I must speak to the steward about it."

The old man moved away. "Who was that?" I asked the porter idly.

He said: "That was Mr. Howard, sir. He has been a member here for a great many years."

"Has he?" I said. "I don't remember seeing him about."

The man said: "He has been abroad for the last few months, I think, sir. But he seems to have aged a great deal since he came back. Getting rather frail now, I'm afraid."

I had my dinner, then I went upstairs to the smoking-room and ordered coffee. I crossed the room to where the two most comfortable chairs in my club stand side by side, and prepared to spend an hour of idleness before returning to my flat.

In a few minutes there was a step beside me, and Howard lowered his long body into the other chair. A boy, unasked, brought him coffee and brandy.

Presently he spoke. He said quietly: "It really is a most extraordinary thing that you can't get a decent cup of coffee in this country. Even in a club like this they can't make coffee."

I laid down my paper. If the old man wanted to talk to me, I had no great objection.

I said, "A chap who deals in coffee once told me that ground coffee won't keep in our climate. It's the humidity, or something."

We went on talking about coffee and chicory and things like that for a time; and I lay quietly in my chair, with the fatigue soaking out of me. It was a perfect godsend to find somebody who could talk of other things besides the war. The war seemed to have passed by this lean old man.

Presently we were talking about fishing. He was an ardent fisherman, and I have fished a little.

"I once saw some chaps in France doing a funny sort of fly fishing," I said. "They had a great bamboo pole about twenty-five feet long with the line tied on the end of it—no reel. They used wet flies, and trailed them about in rough waters."

He smiled. "That's right," he said. "That's how they do it. Where did you see them fishing like that?"

"Near Gex," I said. "Practically in Switzerland."

He smiled reflectively. "I know that country very well—very well indeed," he said. "Saint-Claude. Do you know Saint-Claude?"

I shook my head. "I don't know the Jura. That's somewhere over by Morez, isn't it?"

"Yes—not very far from Morez." He was silent for a few moments; we rested together in that quiet room.

Presently I said, "It'll be some time before we can go fishing out there again." So it was I who turned the conversation to the war. It's difficult to keep off the subject.

He said, "Yes—it's a very great pity. I had to come away before the water was fit to fish. It's not much good out there before the very end of May."

I turned my head. "You went out there this year?" Because the end of May that he had spoken of so casually was the time when the Germans had been pouring into France through Holland and Belgium, when we had been retreating on Dunkirk, and when the French were being driven back to Paris and beyond. It didn't seem to be a terribly good time for an old man to have gone fishing in the middle of France.

He said, "I went out there in April. I meant to stay for the whole of the summer, but I had to come away."

I stared at him, smiling a little. "Have any difficulty in getting home?"

"No," he said. "Not really."

As he spoke, there was a measured crump . . . crump . . . crump . . . crump as a stick of four fell, possibly a mile away. The very solid building swayed a little, and the floors and windows creaked. We waited, tense and still. Then came the undulating wail of the sirens, and the sharp crack of gunfire from the park.

I said: "What do we do now?"

The old man smiled patiently. "I'm going to stay where I am."

There was good sense in that. There were three very solid floors above us. A young waiter came into the room, carrying a torch and with a tin hat in his hand.

He said, "The shelter is in the basement, through the buttery door, sir."

Howard said, "Do we have to go there?"

"Not unless you wish to."

I said, "Are you going down there, Andrews?"

"No, sir. I'm on duty, in case of incendiary bombs, and that."

"Well," I said, "get on and do whatever you've got to do. Then, when you've got a minute to spare, bring me a glass of Marsala. But go and do your job first."

Howard said, "I think that's a very good idea. You can bring me a glass of Marsala, too—between the incendiary bombs. You'll find me sitting here."

"Very good, sir."

He went away, and we relaxed again. Outside, the traffic noises were practically stilled. A few police whistles shrilled in the distance, and a car went by at a high speed; then silence closed down but for some gunfire in the distance.

Presently Andrews brought the Marsala. When he had gone away, Howard lifted up his glass and held it to the light. Then he remarked, "Well, there are less comfortable ways of passing a raid."

I smiled. "That's true enough." And then I turned my head. "You said you were in France when all this started up. Did you come in for many air raids there?"

He put his glass down, seven-eighths full. "Not real raids. There was some bombing and machine-gunning of the roads, but nothing very terrible."

He spoke so quietly about it that it took a little time for me to realise what he had said. But then I ventured:

"It was a bit optimistic to go to France for a quiet fishing holiday in April of this year."

"Well, I suppose it was," he replied thoughtfully. "But I wanted to go."

He said he had been very restless, that he had suffered from an urge, an imperious need to get away and to go and do something different. He was a little hesitant about his reasons for wanting to get away so badly, then told me that he hadn't been able to get a job to do in the war.

He lived in the country when the war broke out, at Market Saffron, not very far from Colchester.

His married daughter came back from America and lived with him when his wife died in 1938, bringing her little boy. She was married to a New York insurance man named Costello, vice-president of his corporation and very comfortably off.

She'd had a spot of bother with him. Howard didn't know the ins and outs of it and didn't bother about it much; privately he was of the opinion that his daughter was to blame for the trouble. He was fond of his son-in-law Costello. He didn't understand him in the least, but he liked him very well.

Please turn to page 4

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EVEN AT A WORKBENCH . . YOU CAN LOOK BEAUTIFUL!

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The Pied Piper

Continued from page 3

THEN the war broke out, and Costello began cabling for them to go back home to Long Island. In the end they went, and Howard was left to live alone at Market Saffron, with occasional week-end visits from his son John, a squadron-leader in the Royal Air Force.

After that, the war bulletins penetrated every moment of his consciousness till he could no longer take pleasure in the simple matters of his country life. So he shut up the house at Market Saffron, and came to London, where he lived mostly at the club, but still he could get nothing to do in the war.

It was spring by then, and a most lovely spring it was. After the hard winter we had had, it was like opening a door. As the sun grew stronger, the urge came on him to get away from England altogether for a while. It was then that he began to think about the Jura, and that's why he went to France.

He left London on the morning of April the 10th, the very morning that the news came through that Germany had invaded Denmark and Norway. He read the news in his paper in the train on the way to Dover, and it passed him by as something that hardly concerned him any more.

He spent a day and a night in Paris, and went on next day towards the Jura. He was still feeling a little shaky after the fatigue of the crossing, so that day he only went as far as Dijon.

He found Dijon just as he remembered it from his last visit, about eighteen months before. There was the shop where they had bought their berets. And there was the shop where John had bought himself a pair of skis, but he didn't linger there for very long.

He had his lunch at the hotel and took the afternoon train on into the Jura. It stopped for half an hour at Morez, and then went on to Saint-Claude, getting there just at dusk. He had sent a telegram from Dijon to the Hotel de la Haute Montagne at Cidoton asking them to send a car down for him.

Cidoton is a tiny hamlet—fifteen or twenty cottages, no more. The hotel is the only house of any size in the place; the hills sweep down to it all around, fine slopes of pasture dotted here and there with pinewoods. It's very quiet and peaceful in Cidoton.

It was dark when they drew up at the hotel. Howard went slowly up the stone steps to the door, the concierge following behind him with the bags. The door leading into the lounge flew open, and there was Madame Lucard, buxom and cheerful as she had been the year before, with the children round her and the maids grinning over her shoulder. Lucard himself was away with the Chasseurs Alpins.

They gave him a vociferous French welcome. He had not thought to find himself so well remembered, but it's not very common for English people to go deep into the Jura. They chattered at him nineteen to the dozen:

Was he well? Had he made a good crossing? He had stopped in Paris? And in Dijon also? That was good. It was very tiring to travel in this war.

And then, monsieur votre fils, he was well too?

Well, they had to know. He turned away from her blindly. "Madame," he said, "my son is dead. He was killed flying above Heligoland Bight . . ."

Howard settled down at Cidoton quite comfortably. The farmers accepted him into their company, and talked freely to him of the matters of their daily life. It may be that the loss of his son helped to break the ice.

As the snow passed, his bad dreams passed with it; the green flowering fields held no memories for him. He grew much more settled as the spring drew on.

Mrs. Cavanagh helped him, too.

He had been worried and annoyed to find an Englishwoman staying in the hotel, so far from the tourist track. He had not come to France to speak English or to think in English. For the first week he sedulously avoided her, together with her two children.

Cavanagh, they told him, was an official in the League of Nations at Geneva, not more than twenty miles away as the crow flies. He was evidently fearful of an invasion of Switzerland by the Germans, and had prudently sent his wife and children into Allied France. They had been at Cidoton for a month; each week-end he motored across the border to visit them.

Howard saw him the first Saturday that he was there—a worried-looking man of forty-five or so.

The following week-end Howard had a short talk with him. To the old man Cavanagh appeared to be oddly unpractical.

The extent of his sincerity was not made plain to Howard till the day he met Mrs. Cavanagh in the woods, and walked a mile back to the hotel with her.

"Eustace would never leave the League," she said. "Even if the Germans were to enter Switzerland, he'd never leave Geneva. There's still such great work to be done."

"But if Geneva really were invaded by the Germans," the old man said, "would your husband stay there?"

"Of course. It would be very disloyal if he didn't."

AFTER that they often passed a word or two together, and he fell into the habit of sitting with her for a quarter of an hour each evening after dinner in the salon, drinking a cup of coffee. He got to know the children, too.

There were two of them. Ronald was a dark-haired little boy of eight, whose toy train littered the floor of the salon with its tin lines. He was mechanical, and would stand fascinated at the garage door while the concierge laboured to induce ten-year-old spark plugs to fire the mixture in the ten-year-old car. Old Howard came up behind him once.

"Could you drive a car like that?" he asked gently.

"Mais oui—c'est facile, ca." French came more easily to this little boy than English. "You climb up in the seat and steer with the wheel."

"But could you start it?"

"You just push the button, et elle va. That's the 'lectric starter." He pointed to the knob.

"That's right. But it would be a very big car for you to manage."

The child said, "Big cars are easier to drive than little ones. Have you got a car?"

Howard shook his head. "Not now. I used to have one."

"What sort was it?"

The old man looked down helplessly. "I really forget," he said.

Ronald looked up at him, incredulous. "Don't you remember?"

But Howard couldn't.

The other child was Sheila, just five years old. Her drawings littered the floor of the salon; for the moment her life was filled with a passion for colored chalks. Once as Howard came downstairs he found her sitting in a heap upon the landing at a turn of the staircase, drawing industriously on the flyleaf of a book.

He stooped down by her. "What are you drawing? It looks like a lady."

She looked up at him. "Lady with a dog," she said.

"Where's the dog?" He looked at the smudged pastel streaks.

She was silent. "Shall I draw the dog, walking behind on a lead?" he said.

She nodded vigorously. Howard bent to his task, his knees aching. But his hand had lost whatever cunning it might once have had, and his dog became a pig.

Sheila said, "Ladies don't take pigs for a walk."

"This one did," he said. "This is the little pig that went to market."

The child pondered this. "Draw the little pig that stayed home," she said, "and the little piggy eating roast beef." But Howard's knees would stand no more of it. He stumbled to his feet. "I'll do that for you to-morrow."

WHEN the sun grew warmer, he took to sitting out in the garden after luncheon for half an hour, in a deck-chair. He listened to the news from time to time in a detached manner, without great interest.

The retreat from Brussels did not impress him much; it had all happened before. He got his first great shock when Leopold, King of the Belgians, laid down his arms upon the 29th of May. That had not happened in the last war, and it upset him.

But on that day nothing could upset him for very long. He was going fishing for the first time next morning, and the evening was occupied in sorting out his gear, soaking his casts and selecting flies.

He walked six miles next day and caught three blue trout. He got back tired and happy at about six o'clock, had dinner, and went up immediately to bed. In that way he missed the first radio broadcasts of the evacuation of Dunkirk.

Next day he was jerked finally from his complacence. He sat by the radio in the estaminet for most of the day, distressed and worried. The gallant retreat from the beaches stirred him as nothing had for months; for the first time he began to feel a desire to return to England.

By June 4 the last forces had left Dunkirk, Paris had had its one and only air raid, and Howard had made up his mind. He admitted as much that night to Mrs. Cavanagh.

"I don't like the look of things at all," he said. "Not at all. I think I shall go home. At a time like this, a man's place is in his own country."

On the ninth of June Cavanagh appeared, having driven unexpectedly from Geneva in his little car. He seemed more worried and distrait than usual, and vanished into the bedroom with his wife. The children were sent out to play in the garden.

An hour later he tapped upon the door of Howard's bedroom, and entered rather diffidently at the old man's invitation.

"What do you think of the war?" he asked, after a slight pause.

Howard said, "I think it very serious. I don't like the news at all."

"Nor do I. I hear you're going home."

"Yes, I'm going back to England. I feel that at a time like this my place is there."

There was a short silence. Then Cavanagh said, "In Geneva we think that Switzerland will be invaded."

Howard said, "If that happened what would you do?"

"I should have to stay in Geneva," Cavanagh said shortly. "I've got my work to do."

"Would that be very—wise?"

"No," said Cavanagh frankly. "But it's what I have made up my mind to do."

He was silent a moment, then: "I've been talking it over with Felicity," he said. "I've got to stay there. Even in German occupation there would still be work for us to do. It's not going to be pleasant. It's not going to be profitable. But it's going to be worth doing."

Please turn to page 14

Hilda's doing a worthwhile job now

When Hilda (ex-accounts department clerk) went back to see the girls at the office, they not only admired the smartness of her bearing, but there was a new sparkle in her eye that made them wonder. . . .

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GUP — THE STUTTERING PUP

By LEN PETERSON

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SERGEANT-MAJOR NICK WARREN threw the official-looking sheet back on Major Frey's desk. "I'm supposed to plead my case with that legal hooey!" he shouted. "What does it mean? I never did go for that stuff: to wit, herein, herewith, hereon, first party, second party! For all I know I'll be hanging myself!"

Major Frey took his stubby pipe from his mouth and said, "It's just a matter of form. The civil police want it to clear up some things. They asked for it. Something to do with insurance. Just a matter of form. You'll plead your case in military court later. Here's a pen."

"I won't have anything to do with that statement!" Nick maintained firmly.

"You said you'd sign it," Major Frey said sternly.

"Not that mess of gabble!" Nick replied, standing his ground. "Let me write it out my own way for the civvies and the military police. I know I can show it was all a mistake and that it wasn't my fault, if you let me give you all the details from way back. But I haven't a Chinaman's chance with that form. Give me a typewriter. I can use one. That one over on the desk."

"You won't sign it, eh?" Major Frey said calmly, looking up at Nick.

"No. Let me write it out my own way. Why, that form even says I'm guilty of sabotage! That's crazy! I might be guilty of some of those other things. They didn't leave anything out, did they? Indecency in speech, disturbing the peace, disorderly conduct, assault, resisting the M.P.'s, everything but murder! Even sabotage to means of communication!"

"It's only suggested. In time of war nothing can be overlooked. A full investigation has to be made," Major Frey explained.

"And do you believe I'm guilty of sabotage?"

"I won't be the judge at your trial," Major Frey said. "You've had a mighty fine record in the Army until this trouble, Warren. You've practically convicted yourself since it happened with your wild shouting and wild threats. And you haven't given any reason at all—any sane reason why you did it."

"Oh, I lost my head. Who wouldn't have? That glory seeker!" Nick mumbled.

"I've heard that before, and it means nothing to me. Well, are you going to sign that statement or not?"

"But that's what I'm driving at," Nick shouted. "I can't explain in ten words. That statement won't say anything on my behalf. Oh, I've plenty of reason for what I did, plenty! But it goes back four, five years ago, and concerns things that've happened since then. Let me write out a statement my own way."

"Oh, go ahead," Major Frey said wearily.

Nick pulled out a supply of white paper, and inserted a sheet into the typewriter. Then he began a fast and steady tat-tat-tat with his two index fingers.

To whom it may concern: What I say in the beginning of this explanation, and even in the middle may seem irrelevant, but you will see later that it is not. It will all help to show you the reasons for my "unmilitary" actions.

To begin with, I used to be a professional wrestler. The Masked Mauler. I wrestled all the top-notchers. I held one of the world's heavyweight wrestling championships. Yes, I was sitting on the top of the world in those days.

But here's where the trouble started. I have a son, Hughie. He's eight years old now, but he was only four at the time. I used to read children's stories to him occasionally. One night when my wife was out he was pretty restless and wouldn't listen to any of the old stories. He wanted a new one, a brand new one. But there weren't any around the house I hadn't read to him so I said I'd make one up.

I'll tell you a story about Gup the Pup, I said. That was the first name that came into my head. Well, that was all right with Hughie, and off I went.

Now Gup the Pup had something wrong with him, I said, letting my imagination go. Let's see now! he—uh—he stuttered. Because Gup stuttered be—he had an inferiority complex. He didn't think he was as good as the other dogs. And so he chummed around with cats instead!

Well, my story went on and on. I didn't know how to make up a kid's story, so it kept getting sillier and more fantastic all the time. I think I ended it up by having Gup, the Stuttering Pup, running a correspondence school for speech correction.

The next night Hughie asked for the Gup story again, and I gave it to him. It was quite different from the night before but the same in many ways.

Night after night I had to tell that story; and then one evening Barbara, my wife, happened to be in the room when I was telling it.

My wife laughed and asked me where I got the story. I told her I didn't know, but Hughie corrected me.

You made it up, Daddy, he said.

My wife didn't say anything more then but took Hughie up to bed and tucked him in. However when she came down again she asked me if I really did make up that story about Gup.

I admitted it.

Why don't you write it out and send it in to a children's magazine? she said. I'll bet you could sell it.

Me write kids' stories? I said, scoffing. The Masked Mauler?

Just for a joke, she coaxed.

Yes, and would I get teased plenty if it got printed.

You could sign another name to it, she suggested.

I haven't the time to write stuff, I said. That was the first excuse I thought of, but I know now I should have worked harder on one. I could have nipped in the bud all the trouble that has followed.

Try it, she went on. Even if you don't do anything with it. Just see how it comes out. Are you scared?

No, I'm not scared! I snapped back.

Are you sure? she asked again.

Yes, I am sure!—Oh, give me the pen! Where is it?

My wife suggested that we use a woman's name. We finally decided on Myrtle Teasdale. And then I started in on the story:

"Once upon a time there was a dog. And his name was Gup—" And so on.

"You glory seeker!" Nick yelled furiously, swinging the announcer up over his head.

I sent the story off, and a couple of weeks later I got a letter back. Enclosed was a cheque, a pretty fair-sized one. A month later I got another letter from the magazine saying they'd been swamped by requests for more "Gup, the Stuttering Pup," stories.

I tore up the letter. I wasn't going to have anything more to do with kids' stories.

But a week later a man came to the door and asked for Miss Myrtle Teasdale.

I was on my guard and asked him roughly what he wanted her for.

He said apologetically, I'm Herbert Harrington Pills, editor of a children's magazine. I'd like to ask Miss Teasdale to write another story.

I don't—she doesn't want to, I said.

Mr. Herbert Harrington Pills clasped his hands together. Oh, she must. She has a great future. She might like to know we're prepared to pay her extremely well for another "Gup" story.

H'm. I promptly invited him to step inside.

What happened to Gup after that is common knowledge. Soon several children's magazines were running "Gup, the Stuttering Pup" stories. A teacher I knew helped me brush up on my English.

Then I got an offer to do a daily comic strip for the newspapers—syndicated. A cartoonist made the drawings and I filled in the blurbs.

I was getting busy. I had to cancel a couple of wrestling bouts. Then I got a nice fat offer to do a "Gup" radio serial. That really put me on the spot. It was either wrestling or writing. I dropped around to see Buzz, my manager, the night I got the radio offer.

I laid my cards on the table. I'm giving up wrestling, Buzz, I said. I know you won't believe this, but my new line's writing.

Writing what? he asked sceptically.

Stories—and things.

He burst out laughing.

I asked him what was so funny.

He said, still laughing, I can see you letting your hair grow and writing poems about gladioli. You're about as arty as a Clydesdale!

I'm pulling in quite a bit now from writing, I said.

Buzz couldn't understand me. He shouted, Right at your peak you want to—

And that ended my wrestling career. I missed the old ring more than I thought I would.

Two weeks after I broke up with Buzz "Gup, the Stuttering Pup," went on the air. Still nobody except those on the inside knew but what some girl named Myrtle Teasdale was writing the stuff. And everybody on the inside had my personal threat that they'd better keep mum. Just like the stories and the comic strip, the radio version went over big.

But still the show used to get me down. I had to make sure I was still all right. So about once a week I'd go around to the toughest part of town and search for some hard-looking egg. I'd pick a fight with him, let him take first crack, and then I'd go to work on him. After that I'd pick him up, dust him off and treat him to a big feed with drinks.

I needed those little scraps to bolster me up after a week's output of "Gup, the Stuttering Pup."

The business kept getting bigger and bigger. Manufacturers started making "Gup, the Stuttering Pup," games, sweaters, dolls, gum, pin badges, and I don't know what all. I won't go into detail, everyone knows how successful Gup became.

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SLAVONIC RHAPSODY

James borrowed another man's tunic, and with it his title and glamor.

"Maybe you don't speak English?" the girl said mischievously.

By MARY HOWARD

EVERYTHING was extremely Slavonic and mournful in the billets. Pale evening light, the group of silent, listening men, the plaintive note of the stringed instrument that Stanislaus was playing. James Martin was acutely aware of the gloom.

The room was very much a boarding-house sitting-room at the seaside. The tables were protected neatly with American cloth, because airmen were notoriously careless about cigarette ends and the wet rings left by beer bottles.

Before the war and the invasion of Southpool by R. A. F. recruits, Mrs. Lubbock had let her rooms to theatrical people. A hundred famous, near or once-famous smiles beamed fixedly down from the walls at the ring of young men in blue uniforms.

Each new batch went solemnly round and examined the pictures. For the first week they listened to Ma Lubbock's anecdotes of the theatrical great. Then they got used to it. By the second week they were definitely a little bored. The "lowdown" on how to approach the sergeant for a week-end pass was much more interesting and important.

There was just one picture of which they never tired. It was the picture of a girl, very fair, very slim, exquisitely gowned in white chiffon and sequins; a girl with the longest eyelashes, and the naughtiest mouth. This was a triumph no one could deny Ma Lubbock. For Terry Lubbock was quite genuinely her niece, and she was certainly hitting the high spots on the radio, stage, and screen.

She had sung in the camps and stations, and she had touched them with her chuckling voice, and with her laughter. She was the star of their dreams, and because of the songs she sang she was especially theirs.

James propped up his chin on his large hands and gazed at the photograph. The feeling the laughing face gave him, a quite hopeless feeling, was all part of the current atmosphere of Slavonic gloom.

For supposing, and it was a wild supposition, one should by any chance drop in to see Ma Lubbock, and even supposing he should get a glimpse of her nearer than the first row of the pit, supposing that he should happen to be in the hall, and Ma Lubbock should introduce him, what on earth would a girl like that see in an enormous, gawky, sandy-haired A.c.2? The merest rookie, who hadn't even passed out on his preliminary wireless course yet.

She would be surrounded by glittering officers—by wing-commanders and creatures like that. He'd seen her photographed with famous aces, chaps who'd shot down "109's" all over the place. What would she care that he'd passed his law exams so brilliantly, and so early he hadn't been old enough to take his finals, and had had to wait? What did people care about that sort of thing now?

James had no rank and not much money, and the cold voice of reality spoke in his ear. "Every chap who sees that picture and knows Ma Lubbock is her aunt thinks like you think. The chances of her ever coming, and if she did of your meeting her, are a million to one. So why fuss?"

The atmosphere of Slavonic gloom suited him profoundly. Stanislaus sat in the middle of them and strummed his odd little instrument with a melancholy wail, and sang a sad Polish song.

Stanislaus had no business to be at Mrs. Lubbock's, for he was billeted on the other side of the town with a batch of Poles. But there were very few places where Stanislaus couldn't go if he really wanted to.

He was a genuine count—Count Drobetsky, and he had charm and glamor, and could always pretend he didn't speak English when anything got awkward. Actually he spoke English fluently, together with about seven other languages.

He also danced like an angel, sang like a troubadour, and had been engaged six times in the same number of months. Incidentally, he was a magnificent flight mechanic. Duty he understood, but discipline to him was just one of those things.

Stanislaus and James were good pals. James had coached him remorselessly through law in the pre-war days in exchange for Polish and French lessons.

These two understood each other perfectly, and, as far as men do, confided in each other. But whereas Stanislaus had a new passion to rave about every week, James was dourly silent about the only feminine image in his heart.

The idiotic little zitherish instrument quavered to silence, and a square-headed Glasgow youth rose and said, to hide his emotion: "Hang your twanging and tinkling, Stan. It's creepy. I'm away to get some beer and some decent tunes."

"And a wee bit skirr-rt," said Stanislaus, mimicking him perfectly. He rose eagerly to his feet. "Let us go and dance, yes? In the cigarette kiosk there is the most r-ravishing leetle blonde. It's her night off, perhaps? No? I go and see."

"If she isn't you'll soon find the most r-ravishing little brunette somewhere," said somebody unkindly.

"Yes," agreed Stanislaus simply. One could never pull his leg about girls. He took them all seriously. That was the trouble. His eyes fell on James, who hadn't moved, and his sensitive heart detected gloom and suspected love. Stanislaus said at once: "James, my friend, you will come, too? Plis?"

James glanced up and shook his head.

"No, thanks very much, old chap. I'll stop in and do a bit of swotting. This Morse business seems to be going sick on me. If I don't work I'll end up on general duties, doing sentry go."

"James, you should not worry. No one can get through exams like you. I know. You must be gay. Forget it and come and dance—to-morrow it will be easy."

"Yeah," said James, thinking of the nights he had sat up pushing low down Stan's unwilling mental throat. Stan's uncle at the embassy had been very anxious for him to be a lawyer. "You should worry—you're leading aircraftman, though how you managed it I can't think. Let another fellow pass his course, will you?"

"Come to the Pillar Hall," tempted Stanislaus. "Terry Lubbock is singing, and she is divine."

James wavered. He'd no money and pay day was five days away. The square-headed Scot said ruthlessly: "Of course, he doesn't know that? He's bin every night this week, gazin' at the girl like a softie!"

James went brick-red. It was perfectly true, but he didn't think anyone had noticed his adoration.

A little shutter seemed to fall and fall in Stan's dark eyes.

"Zo!" he said understandingly, "I dare you but to breathe upon my love!"

"What's that?" said James threateningly.

"Zhakespeare," explained Stanislaus. "All right. You swot, James. You are right to take these things seriously. I will take the other children for one beer, and you shall have peace and quiet. No?"

"Yes," said James. "Thanks, pal."

"Alors, come, mes enfants."

Stanislaus shepherded them clattering down the stairs. James sat by himself and tried to study Morse, and found himself looking at Terry's portrait.

He rose, drew the blackout curtain, and turned on the lights. There was a Polish uniform coat over one of the chairs. Stanislaus had been taking it to clean, and had forgotten it.

He lit one of Stan's special cigarettes, and opened a copy of "Anna Karenina" in Russian. The passionate, fatal love story was an excellent antidote to his mood. He was such a beginner that merely wrestling with the text should take his mind off other things. The trouble with Morse was it was too easy for James' type. It was so straightforward and simple, your mind could so easily slip away to pleasanter things—to a familiar, heavenly face and figure, a fragrant perfume. Heady, lilac—white lilac. He breathed in deeply, shutting his eyes.

The illusion was so real he actually could smell the perfume of lilac. If he could do that he could hear her voice. He could. Throaty, laughing, saying: "What in heaven's name are you so enthralled with that you can't even hear me knock?"

He sprang to his feet and whirled round. It was true. She was there. He could see her. He was blindly conscious of his shirt-sleeves, his unshaven condition, his untidy hair. The dark eyes watched him in soft amusement. He reached out blindly for the uniform tunic over the back of a chair, and began to struggle into it.

Terry came slowly forward to the table. Everything about her seemed deliriously vivid and clear.

James gasped, groping for the tunic, trying to think of something brilliant to say, something amusing, witty, devastating. He watched her cross the room and lift up the book he had been reading, and make a puzzled little grimace. "What's this?" she asked. "Chinese? No wonder you didn't answer."

James, struggling into the tunic he had picked up, happened to glance down at it, and saw, with a little start of surprise, the word "Poland" written across the shoulder in white letters. Of course, it was Stan's extra tunic which he had been taking to the cleaners. A sudden, crazy, desperate resolve came to James. Poles had glamor. Everyone said so. It was obvious. The girls fell for the Polish airmen in droves.

Concluded on next page

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Terry made it her rule never to go out with strangers, but somehow this one was different.

James couldn't be a pilot, a wing-commander or an air-marshal to impress Terry—but he could be a Pole. Who could imitate Stanislaus better than he? He'd borrow Stan's title and his glamor with his tunic—even if he never saw her again he wouldn't let her go without some impression of some subtle difference. Count Stanislaus Drobetsky. Stan wouldn't mind. It was the sort of thing that amused him.

James smoothed back his hair, cleared his throat experimentally, remembering the romantic roll of Stan's "r's," remembering his sentences that always ended in a question, and began with a contemplative "Zo!" Terry smiled, her eyes on the tunic.

"No answer." Her eyes were velvet pools of mischief. "But maybe you don't speak English?"

James clicked his heels in the manner born. "Mademoiselle. I beg your pardon. Such beauty, so sudden, is rather, how you say it? Dees-concerting? No? The book is Russian."

"You read Russian?" she said incredulously.

"Yes, mademoiselle."

He said something then, straight from his heart, so sincerely that he almost forgot to keep up his accent.

"I have seen you on the stage—but often, mademoiselle. I admire you greatly. But in the stage lights you are deeferent. You look so much taller. How could I know that really you are so tiny—like a leetle moth I could catch in my hand."

"Oh!" said Terry, and her dark eyes were suspicious, and the color came in her cheeks. "I—I didn't know Aunt Rose had any Polish airmen here."

James shook his head vehemently. "Plis? I do not live here. I come to see a—a fellow. James Martin. I wait for him. Plis? You know him?"

She shook her head, and her dimples twinkled again. "Plis?" she imitated. "No. I don't know him. Is he nice?"

James managed a hollow, mocking laugh. "He is a fool. He is in love with you, mademoiselle. He goes each night to the theatre. He sits all night and looks at your picture. He has no hope ever of meeting you. He has not even the courage to write for a picture of his own."

He thought, angrily, that Stan's flow of impudence had communicated itself to him from the tunic. If it had been anyone but himself saying these things he'd have punched the fellow's head. He said complacently, "That is a fool, is he not, mademoiselle?"

She said curiously: "Well, what would you do?"

"Somehow I would meet you, know you, even if it were just for an hour—send a bit of me away in your memory."

"Well, that's pretty flattering, but this James Martin sounds awfully nice, too."

"Oh," it was James' turn this time to seem suspicious.

"What's your name?" she asked idly.

"Count Stanislaus Drobetsky."

She was excessively round-eyed at this, and James hoped excessively impressed. She said: "A real count. My, oh, my! That is exciting. Well, I couldn't make anyone hear, your Excellency, so——"

James made a royal gesture of protest. "Plis," he said. "No titles. This is a democracy. If you will call me Stan. All my English friends call me Stan."

"Oh? Stan?" She hesitated. The mischief shone in her face and eyes, but barely had the thought, "she's teasing me" formed in his mind than her eyes were deadly serious again. "Well, anyhow, I rang and knocked and there was no answer, so I went through to the kitchen and it was empty, so I wandered up here. I guess aunty must have gone out."

"Mrs. Lubbock has gone to some friends."

"What a pity. I wanted her to have supper with me at my hotel. It is my last night here."

"She will be desolate when she hears she has missed you."

"Yes," said Terry dryly. "She will."

Ambition surged crazily into James. He had had no idea that he was such a good actor. It was as though in putting on Stan's tunic he had put on a new personality. To-night he would do and dare anything.

"Mademoiselle, to-morrow you go. To-night will you grant a great favor?"

"Well, it depends what it is."

He said eagerly: "If you would do me the great honor to have supper with me? Yes? Plis? Mademoiselle? Plis?"

Terry hesitated. It was one of her rules not to go out with strangers. He was so young, and so absurdly in earnest, and although she was used to admiration she wasn't used to this heart-catching, demoralising adoration. It melted her up inside. Her mind said sternly: "No," but her lips said impulsively, breathlessly: "Why, yes," and something within James seemed to collapse from sheer joy.

He stood for a moment motionless. He thought, I must kiss her hand—that's what Stan always does, and he did. But it wasn't in the least like Stan's graceful, continental salute. He grabbed her small hand between his enormous ones, pressed it against his lips, dropped it with the look of a guilty murderer at her protesting, involuntary, "Ouch!" and recollected his role.

"Forgive me. I was carried away. If you will just sit down while I go and wash—and put on a clean collar, and . . ." He added a forcible, "Zo!" in case he sounded too Anglo-Saxon, and escaped from the room, nearly colliding with Stanislaus in the hall. He grabbed him eagerly.

"Stan!"

"Oh, James, mon ami, I forgot my tunic," his dark eyes rested on James in astonishment. "But you haf it on yourself? But why?"

"Listen, Stan," said James incoherently. "She's come, she's here, Terry Lubbock. And she's more wonderful than anyone could imagine."

Stanislaus did not display any unwarranted surprise. He merely said: "Zo! She's very pretty. But why my coat, mon ami?"

James shook him slowly. "I've told her I'm you," he said confusedly.

Stanislaus stared. Then he began to laugh.

"Me, but why me? I am so, what you say? No cop? Yes? No cop at all," Stanislaus repeated ruefully.

"Stan. You're a count. Polish. You must be romantic, or why do all the girls fall for you? She won't want to see me after to-night. She's such a smasher I must do something to make her remember me—I, listen. Have you any money?"

"Five pounds my uncle at the embassy sent me this morning, but I owe three times that."

"Lend it me until to-morrow. There's a good chap. I'll pay you back first thing. Now, scram. She mustn't see another Pole in the house. I'm taking her out to supper."

Stanislaus wiped his brow, and obligingly vanished. James flew upstairs, washed, changed his shirt, slicked back his bright hair, and flew down to the sitting-room. She was still there sitting beneath her portrait. She hadn't vanished.

"Would you like to go to the Splendide?" he asked.

"Well, if you're quite sure it's all right," she said a trifle anxiously.

"Mademoiselle, I would not ask you if I could not afford to take you." He drew himself up proudly and clicked his heels. Stan's fiver rested comfortingly in his notecase. To-night he could afford anything. He would do anything, go anywhere just to be with her, just to dance with her.

It was a most successful evening. It was difficult, James found, to realise, when you weren't shy and overawed about her any longer, that she was really an awfully nice kid, frank and sweet and all the things you expected in the girl you had always dreamed that one day you might marry . . .

It was nearly eleven. James should have been back in his billet an hour ago, but he smiled at Terry and said hopefully: "Where to now, mademoiselle?"

"Oughtn't you to get back?" she asked.

"I have a late pass," lied James blandly. "I can stay out until twelve—we have another hour. Now, where would you like to go?"

"When I was a kid and used to live here with aunty," she said a little breathlessly, "I always longed to go to the Fun Fair. I only went once. And since I grew up I haven't had time."

"Alors," said James, not forgetting how the multi-lingual Stanislaus always sprinkled his sentences with French. "We go to the Fun Fair!"

The Fun Fair was housed in an enormous building of metal and glass. They wandered round like two entranced children. Terry's hand resting on his blue sleeve. He won her gaudy dolls and blue-and-gold plates. They rode on everything, including the enormous wheel—that was their last adventure. They moved slowly roofwards, the people below becoming mere specks, like ants in an ant-hill. Terry clung tighter, not looking down.

She said: "I'm afraid of heights."

James put an arm round her and held her close. "Then why did you come?" he asked in bewilderment.

"I thought," she said shyly, "it would be nice to be alone with you. We are rather alone up here."

James kissed her. Slowly, tenderly and ecstatically. They hung suspended between heaven and earth, ascending in slow, groaning jerks towards the grimy, black-painted glass roof. Her words, and the kiss, and his utter unworthiness reduced James to incoherence.

"Terry," he began pleadingly, and then the wheel stuck, leaving them swinging gently high up under the roof. A girl in one of the other carriages began to scream.

Terry shut her eyes and her lips tight and buried her head in his shoulder.

"You're not frightened," he said gently, and forgot his Polish accent. "Terry, darling, don't be frightened. You're quite safe with me."

She opened her brown eyes, and he saw mischief flicker across them again.

"I believe I am," she said softly, and raised her lips to his again. "I really believe I am."

Their kiss was broken by the violent jerk of the carriage as the wheel was set in motion again, James held her closely, his senses singing, and his mind a whirl of gloomy premonition. That kiss had meant something which only happens once in a lifetime—and she thought he was a Polish count and not a young, unspectacular English solicitor. "We're coming down to earth," he said dismally.

"We certainly are," Terry said crisply. "And you've forgotten your Polish accent."

They walked in silence towards the entrance. A military policeman looked at James with grave suspicion. James felt as though he were frozen.

They went out into the night. There was a taxi and James summoned it and gave the address of her hotel.

He seemed very tall and very young standing there so miserably in the moonlight.

"I'm sorry," he said gruffly, "that I made such a fool of myself. I wanted to impress you. It seems I have—in quite the wrong way. I hope you will forgive me and forget about it, and that you enjoyed the evening in spite of my infantile behaviour. I should have known," he added irritably, "that no one could ever possibly take me for a count."

"I—" she began, but he said with sudden anger:

"Don't trouble to tell me what you think. I can guess. Still, it's been wonderful knowing you. The Hotel Splendide, driver, quickly. Good-bye."

He stepped back as the taxi started, the noise of the gears cutting into Terry's protesting: "But, James . . ."

James turned away.

. . . . . .

Next morning James was moved to a billet on the other side of the town. He worked like a black and passed his course with flying colors, top marks ever.

He started to move about the country. They tested him for this and that and the other, and taught him to be an air-gunner.

It wasn't until he was convalescent months later with his left shoulder shattered that Terry's letter caught up with him. They'd been caught over the North Sea. They had got home, although James' shoulder was a mess and the pilot had a nasty scalp wound.

His C.O. commended him. "That shoulder will be rusty. They'd make you an instructor, I should think. A chap who can pass exams like you ought to be an instructor."

James didn't like that. Air-gunning was all right. You hadn't time to think when you were up. He picked up the letter gloomily.

Darling idiot (Terry said).

"I knew from the beginning you were neither a Pole nor a count, because, you see, I've known Stanislaus for years. It was he who asked me to go round to aunty's that evening. He said you were alone, and gloomy, and I might find it amusing to cheer you up. It wasn't amusing, darling idiot, it was heaven. So, if you have gathered up the tattered remnants of your pride, will you write to me here in town. Plis? The show opened last night and looks like running for the duration."

But that was months ago. Breathlessly James opened a London paper and scanned the amusement guide. There it was. She was still there. Terry Lubbock — "Laughter in Rhythm."

"Nurse," yelled James, struggling to his feet. "Nurse, please send this telegram: 'The Belgravia Theatre. Miss Terry Lubbock. Just received your letter. Coming to-morrow. James.' Wait a minute. 'I adore you, James.'" He leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes, weak with excitement. His shoulder didn't hurt—nothing would ever hurt again. The nurse said sceptically: "Terry Lubbock. The actress? Do you know her?"

"My girl," said James laconically without opening his eyes. It seemed the most natural thing in the world to say.

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Animal Antics

"You're doing well, Slogger, only keep away from his lefts."

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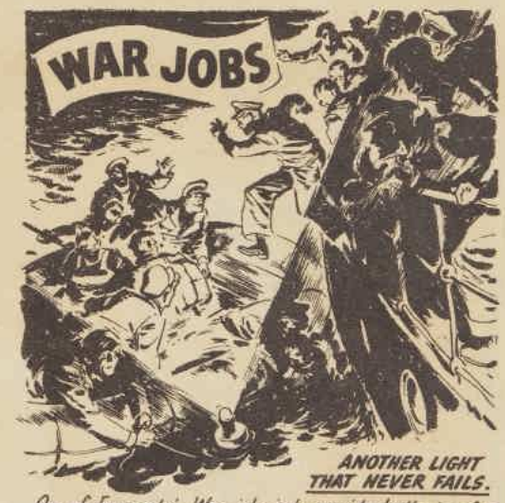

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ANOTHER ANGLE ON FASHIONS FOR VICTORY

In his speech launching the Fashions for Victory Campaign, the Hon. J. J. Dedman, Minister for War Organisation of Industry, and Chairman of the National Council for Clothes Styling, said: "We can see ahead of us an urgent need for conserving all available materials for clothes, by eliminating wasteful usage. There must also be economies in the man power used to produce them. It is up to you to make a success of this plan to save material and make better use of skilful hands."

New Miracles with Old Clothes — Before you buy a stitch of new clothing, before you choose as much as a yard of new material, go carefully through your present supply of clothes. Take out those old evening dresses tucked away in the back of the wardrobe . . . there's plenty of good material here.

Take out that old swagger coat which you've had in use for years . . . you'll find you can do something practical to give that a new lease of life too. And don't discard any of your old daytime dresses until you've investigated coupon-saving ways and means to freshen them up.

FROM EVENING DRESS TO SMART SUMMER SHEER

Here's an easy-to-follow style suggestion for transforming an unused chiffon evening dress into a cool daytime sheer. The extra width in the evening skirt can be used for sleeves and a new top to the dress. And of course you can adapt the same idea from practically any type of sheer or floral evening dress you may have.

OLD SWAGGER COAT — SMART NEW JACKET

Maybe you've had that old swagger coat for years and it is beginning to look a bit worn and frayed at the edges of the sleeves and lapels, even though the rest of the material is still good. It's a simple job to re-cut this old coat into one of those up-to-the-minute jackets which are so handy to wear over your light clothes.

TO PEP UP LAST YEAR'S FROCK

Last year's dress a bit worn and strained under the arms? Summer dresses always tend to go there first. If you have a plain coloured dress like this, a good way to freshen it up is to put in a bright new three-coloured front. You'll probably have enough pieces of material in your scrap box to make the alteration without reference to your coupons.

KELLOGG'S, *makers of the famous breakfast cereals, pay a tribute to the Fashions for Victory Campaign by placing this space at the disposal of the National Council for Clothes Styling.*

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World's greatest women together in England

GUEST. *Mrs. Roosevelt, wife of the President of the United States, who is visiting England.*

HOSTESS. *Queen Elizabeth, who was hostess to Mrs. Roosevelt for the first days of her visit.*

The Queen and Mrs. Roosevelt share same spirit of devotion to duty

By ALICE JACKSON
Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly

Within the past year I had the good fortune to meet both our Queen and America's No. One Lady, Eleanor Roosevelt, now together in England.

It would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast in two women than that provided between these two. Yet the same spirit of devotion to duty and complete self-abnegation in service to their people animates both these great women.

They are probably the two greatest living women of to-day.

IN appearance they have nothing in common.

Anyone looking at our Queen must immediately be struck by her radiant beauty.

She is the very personification of a fairy-tale queen—small, dainty, apple-blossom complexion, sapphire-blue eyes, wavy dark hair and the most winsome smile in the world.

This smile, which comes readily, reveals perfect teeth, and adds the enchantment of a dimple to her firm, pretty chin.

If you judge Mrs. Roosevelt from her photographs you would think her extremely plain, for she is the most unphotogenic of persons.

When I was in Hollywood a few days before I visited Mrs. Roosevelt, I told Louis B. Mayer of my forthcoming visit and asked him what Mrs. Roosevelt was like.

The famous little man, who, among other things, has the distinction of earning the largest income of any American, leaned back in his luxurious office chair and said: "Eleanor Roosevelt is the woman I admire most in the world, and more than that, in my opinion, she is the most beautiful woman in the world.

"But," he added, seeing my surprise, "you won't understand that till you see her—and you won't understand it then unless you are a real judge of human values."

A few days later, as Mrs. Roosevelt talked to me in the stately old rose room of White House, I recalled this and found myself in complete agreement with Mr. Mayer.

Eleanor Roosevelt is indeed a beautiful woman, but her beauty comes chiefly from the inner radiance of a very rare spirit.

Everybody will admit the beauty of her sparkling grey eyes which light so readily with flashes of humor as she touches on the human aspects of the great problems with which her thoughts are always occupied.

A broad clever brow, wavy hair, whose brown brightness is now dimmed with grey, are two other readily noticeable features.

But one does not analyse Mrs. Roosevelt's face feature by feature. It is in the whole mobile expressive countenance that her beauty lies.

The nearest I can come to it is that the abstract quality of pure human kindness is captured there.

Once having seen that you remain completely oblivious to the fact that she has no complexion to speak of and practically no claim to classic regularity of feature.

She is tall and of medium build. When I saw her she was dressed in extremely simple black with a touch of white in linen collar and cuffs (a few days previously the President's mother had died).

Adored Queen

QUEEN ELIZABETH moves among her people with what to us appears as astounding informality.

Wherever she feels her presence will comfort and cheer the victims of bombing, there she is certain to go. She is driven in a limousine and has some attendants.

Her people adore her and she could safely go alone from end to end of her realm, but the British conception of majesty would not permit this. Throughout the worst of last year's bombing she stayed at her home.

An American writer, adapting the old ballad, "London Bridge is Falling Down," paid this tribute to her:

"Be it said to your renown
Lady that you stayed in town,
When London Bridge was falling down,
My fair lady."

Happily London Bridge did not fall down, but if it had done so the Queen's courage would not have faltered.

Mrs. Roosevelt is unhampered by any tradition of royalty. She comes and goes all over America.

As a taxi-driver who drove me to White House said, "Mrs. Roosevelt is always in and out of this airport, Ma'am. We haul her just the same as anyone else."

Mrs. Roosevelt made the transatlantic journey by plane. This was no novelty or worry to her, as she has flown more miles than any woman in America.

In the course of their association while the King and Queen were visiting America, Eleanor Roosevelt and Elizabeth became warm friends and have reportedly kept up a correspondence in the intervening three years.

There have been rumors from time to time that both the president and Mrs. Roosevelt were planning a trip to England to repay the visits of the Royal Family and Mr. Churchill, but pressure of duties here and the rigors of the long aeroplane hop have prevented the Chief Executive from carrying out his wish.

Never in the long history of the White House has the First Lady in the land made a trip like Mrs. Roosevelt's. It's only another in the long list of precedents she has shattered since her husband assumed office.

On tour with Mrs. Roosevelt

From ANNE MATHESON, of The Australian Women's Weekly, London Office, who is covering Mrs. Roosevelt's English visit.

"Hiya, Eleanor!" This was the informal salute Mrs. Roosevelt received from passing American doughboys when being escorted by Their Majesties on a tour of blitzed areas.

SOMEHOW it seemed quite natural and quite respectful. We all think of her here as Eleanor.

Wherever Mrs. Roosevelt has gone in England she has been surrounded by smiles and warm friendliness, and one of the secrets of her success is the way she imparts an atmosphere of complete ease even to the most formal occasion.

She's out early and late in all weathers on her "seek and learn" mission, and she has quickly absorbed the British attitude towards bombers.

When an alert went while she was at an A.T.S. station, she barely paused in her conversation as sirens wailed out, though it was the first time she'd heard them.

At the American Club, doughboys had Eleanor all to themselves.

Here the motherly wife of the President dunked doughnuts, passed out all the latest little bits of news, told them the latest tunes, how the President was faring, and what the girls back home are doing in war work.

She gave her autograph, she patted the boys' mascot, and talked with one lad who was wounded at Dieppe.

She made a note that they wanted warmer socks.

Mrs. Churchill, who has entertained Mrs. Roosevelt and accompanied her on official visits, said to me of her: "I'm just thrilled about her. She has such dignity and what wonderful personality!

"She has a gift for living for the moment. Never worries about what is coming next!"

Mrs. Roosevelt has already seen much of the British women's war effort.

At an A.T.S. training depot Mrs. Roosevelt saw a Sydney girl, Miss E. F. Bell, driving a huge army lorry, met Corporal Vera Stone, of Elizabeth Bay, who's an accountant at the Staff College, saw Mrs. Richard Gething, of Melbourne, with one of the planes she flies, and a new recruit, Margaret Johnson, sister of actress Janet Johnson, now Lady Burkin.

When she came she said, "I want to see everything, I want to meet people, because I love people."

Already she's met the highest and the humblest, and from everyone she's heard of their work.

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Editorial

NOVEMBER 7, 1942

OFFENSIVE IN EGYPT

THE British offensive in Egypt, combined with the sustained raids on Italy, has raised the spirits of the Allied peoples.

It has also raised the hope that at long last we are emerging from the grim period of preparation into the phase of offensive warfare.

The new movements have all the marks of determination and long planning, of co-ordination and big objectives.

General Montgomery, commander of the 8th Army in Egypt, said we were no longer "plugging up holes, holding and standing on the defensive." We had taken the offensive.

The great hope now engendered is that this applies not only to the Middle East but all over the embattled world.

We have hung on grimly for three years, strong in the faith of ultimate victory, but sorrowing for the lives with which time has had to be bought so dearly.

In recent months the Allied peoples have longed for action, for aggressive action that might give them some sight of the end.

Action has come in North Africa and it is natural enough that we long to be assured that it truly is the beginning of the uphill climb to victory.

But we must wait for the result of the great desert clash before we can think along those lines.

Our own men of the A.I.F. represent us in the heat of battle gloriously. We can only work at our own jobs, cherishing our new hopes, but remaining ready to face the harder task of hanging on for longer yet if we must.

—THE EDITOR.

Plane fought four Zeros

A FOUR-TO-ONE air fight against the Japanese is described by an Air Force sergeant in this week's "Letters from Our Boys." Two Zeros were shot down by our plane, which successfully evaded two more.

SECTION of an R.A.A.F. fighter squadron in New Guinea. At back: Corporal M. T. Pink, S.A.; Pilot-Officer L. L. Braund, Vic.; Corporal B. Coroneos, W.A. In front: L.a.c. J. Shawcroft, W.A.; A.c.1 W. (Bud) Russell, Vic.; and Sergeant R. H. Johnson, Qld. Picture sent by A.c.1 R. Morton.

Sergeant K. G. Keech, R.A.A.F., in Northern Australia, to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Keech, at Bangalow, N.S.W.:

"A GREATER thing than luck or skill allows me to write this letter to-day. When next you attend church, mother, say a prayer of thankfulness.

"Yesterday we left our base on a bombing raid. We lost our formation on the way over, but it was decided to carry on as we thought we might run into the rest.

"The others went in and bombed and met with very little resistance, mainly ack-ack. We arrived four minutes after them, when the enemy had had time to prepare.

"As we were about to come in on our target we saw two Zeros. There was some cloud fairly close, and we made off for that, as those are our orders. But the cloud was very thin, and as we came out the Zeros attacked.

"We exchanged much lead for quite a while, twisting, turning, and diving. Then much to our disappointment two more loomed up, making four to one.

"We thought this a bit over the odds, but were determined to fight to a finish. The sky at times was just red with fire, but fortunately we missed a hell of a lot of it by inches. My cobber Pat missed one by about two inches, and so did I.

"After a short period we got rid of one Zero, then fought the other three. Things were mighty hot, but we fought on and got another. Our ammunition was now running low, and we had stoppages in some guns, so we dived to water level and made off.

"We were still followed, but shook off another. We made the land (not ours), hedge-hopped for miles, and as a Zero has fixed guns we made the last one's target rather hard. A good burst from our rear guns made him turn and make for his base.

"We crossed the sea, and after a few hours reached good old Aussie soil. As we approached it we all joined in 'Home, Sweet Home' in the pilot's compartment, and did we mean it? I'll say.

"Never before since the Japs entered the war has one Hudson escaped the shooting down of two Zeros.

"Back at our base we were congratulated by all, including the C.O."

Cpl. T. M. Doyle somewhere in Australia to Miss D. Wendt, 13 Bunya St., Greenslopes, Qld.:

"OUTSIDE my tent to-day I noticed something in the long grass.

"What should jump out but a little wallaby. He was about 18ins. high.

"I went over to it, and it did not jump away, but kept on nibbling at the grass. He turned out to be a pet.

"A chap from another company found him six weeks ago. I had my shirt open, and was kneeling in front of the wallaby.

"He came to me, and put his head inside my shirt. I let him try to get into my shirt, but he could not manage it. I put him in front of another chap and he did the same thing.

"I found out later that his owner carried him in his shirt. You should have seen him sitting inside this cove's shirt, with his little head poking out. He looked as if he was at home."

Sergeant J. A. Parry in the Middle East to his wife at Korumburra, Vic.:

"LAST night we received word that our senior sergeant of the platoon, Errol Hewitt, of Warracknabeal, had been awarded the Military Medal.

"The first day we went into action our 2 I/c., Lieut. D. Singleton, was killed during the first hour's fighting, and the next morning our platoon commander, Capt. Rasch, was evacuated to the hospital. This left Errol in command, and he has held the position since then.

"He commanded throughout the five days of practically unceasing attacks by the Hun, and as a result of the way he lead us and the good show put up by all the boys he received his decoration.

"It was a big rap up for the platoon as well as Errol, so all the boys are rather thrilled about it.

"It was a terrible shock when Lieut. Singleton went off, as he was one of our original sergeants, and after our officer had been killed in one of the first battles at Tobruk Doug received his commission and commanded us right through the Tobruk campaign. He was a marvellous chap, but just one of the boys, and every inch a soldier."

Signaller P. Milton, somewhere in Australia, to Mrs. Sheerman, Highclere, Valetta St., Moss Vale, N.S.W.:

"WE had a basher of keys here the other night, and he gave us a concert with a singing Romeo, but they were extra, and we enjoyed it very much.

"The piano basher plays for the A.B.C. in civil life, and went to Germany to study under a famous joker.

"He would not swing it, but played some semi-classical stuff, a few rhapsodies and pieces of different famous composers.

"I was scared I would clap in the wrong place, so I followed the leader."

L.a.c. G. E. Smith to his mother at Monash, S.A.:

"HAVE just returned from a job of mercy. Had to take a doctor to six Americans from a crashed bomber nearby the Japs on North Guinea.

"We did a landing just after dusk at an unknown bay where no flying-boat had previously been. Was very grateful for the flare path which the Aussies (three of them) at this outpost got the natives to put down.

"They rowed out in lakatoes with flaming palm-leaves and in we came along their track. The Americans were in a bad state.

"After the doctor had worked on them for seven hours we took off again with the aid of another flare path and brought them back.

"It was a strange feeling to be lying at anchor so near to the Japs and know that we would have been cat's meat for their fighters if we did not leave before daylight.

"The Yanks had been out bombing a convoy off Buna and had been shot down by Zeros. In crash landing the bottom had been ripped out of the plane in four feet of water, most of its crew being dragged through the bottom by the terrific suction.

"One chap was killed almost immediately, three very badly hurt, all with head injuries, and three not so bad.

"They were in a frightful mess when first found and covered with black mud of the mangrove swamp in which they landed. Took thirty gallons of hot water to clean them up sufficiently.

"This was done by the Army chaps who saw them land 21 miles away late in the afternoon.

"We arrived at dusk the following day and had them in hospital by noon on the next, so that was pretty fast work.

"We have received a signal from our northern headquarters for our good work."

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen. For each letter or extract from a letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1.

Interesting People

MRS. C. DAVIDSON

. . . Law school comforts

MRS. COLIN DAVIDSON, wife of Judge Davidson, is president of Sydney University Law School Comforts Fund. Fund supplies a library service to its 370 members on active service. Has despatched more than 2000 books, including its wartime publication, "Legal Digest."

MR. M. J. PETTIGROVE

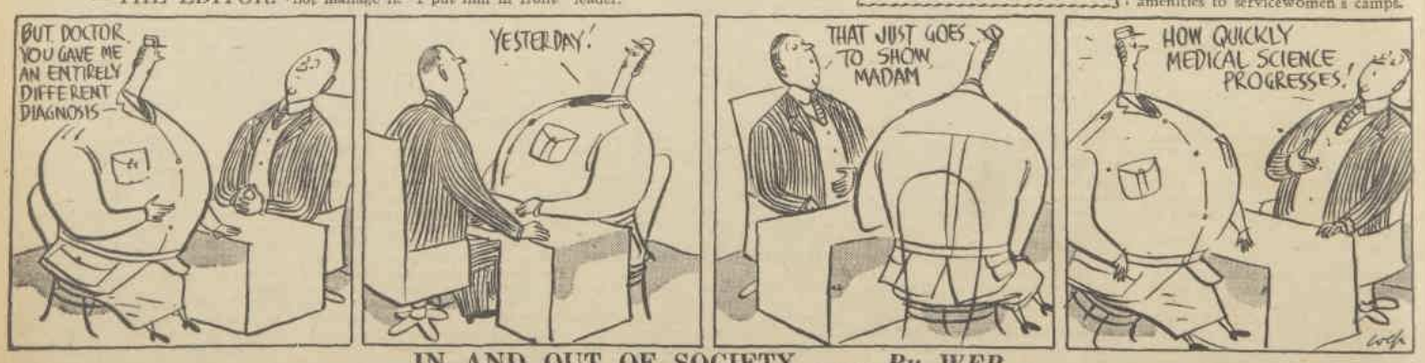
. . . Voluntary patrol

HONORARY organiser, Voluntary Services and Patrol Bureau, Melbourne, Mr. M. J. Pettigrove directs thousands of men and women members in spare time national service activities, including camp recreation hut construction, fire-fighting, canteen, and clerical work. Members of patrol section, on duty in the city, give directions and advice to visiting servicemen on leave.

MRS. W. W. F. JOHNSTON

. . . Y.W.C.A. commissioner

MRS. W. W. F. Johnston, wife of Brigadier Johnston, formerly chairman of Y.W.C.A. Wartime Services Committee, has been appointed Y.W.C.A. Commissioner to Allied Headquarters. Her new duties include appointment of Y.W.C.A. representatives to camps and stations, and arranging for equipment and general amenities to servicewomen's camps.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By WEP*

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As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

ASTROLOGICALLY the coming days are unspectacular for most people. Yet many Scorpions, Cancerians, Virgoans, Piscean, and Capricornians may enjoy promotions or other gains.

Here is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Slight opportunities possible on November 10 (between noon and 6 p.m.), but be cautious again till 8 p.m. Avoid rashness.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Be very guarded this week, particularly on November 3, November 8 and November 9. Avoid new ventures, changes, and removals. Dodge arguments, losses, and opposition. Be patient, cautious, and kindly.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): November 6 (between 7 and 9 a.m. and late afternoon) can be modestly helpful, but keep to unspectacular things. Routine best.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Get busy! With wisdom and confidence you can accomplish a lot this week. November 3 (early afternoon) helpful. November 4 (near 9 a.m.) good, but poor to 10.30 a.m., then good again to midday. November 5 (around midday) fair. November 8 (to midday) poor, but dusk and evening hours very good. November 9 (early morning) adverse, then fair to 4 p.m., and good to 7 p.m.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Be guarded. November 3, November 8, and November 9 (early) can produce difficulties, annoyances, delays, and upsets. Keep to routine affairs, and try to be patient, wise, and cautious.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Very fair on November 3 (between 2 and 3 p.m.), November 4 (except between 10 and 11.30 a.m.), November 5 (forenoon), November 7 (around midnight), November 8 (between 5 p.m. and midnight), and November 9 (late afternoon). Hard work necessary but gains can be made.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): November 6 (before 10 a.m., and in afternoon) and November 10 (from noon to dusk) can be mildly helpful.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 22): Waste no time this week. Be constructive and energetic. Plan ahead, then act with confidence. Seek promotions, changes, favors, and other benefits. November 3 (to midday) poor, then good to 3 p.m., but poor again around sunset. November 4 (to 9.30 a.m.) good, then poor to 10.30 a.m., and good to midday. Thereafter fair. November 5 (forenoon) good. November 6 and November 7 helpful. November 8 (to midday) poor, but good around sunset and late evening. November 9 (morning) poor, but good between 4 and 7 p.m.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Present weeks may produce signs of future opportunities, so plan ahead. Meanwhile, perfect routine matters. November 6 (forenoon and afternoon) just fair. November 10 (afternoon) has good possibilities.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Helpful conditions this week, so work hard. November 3 (early afternoon) fair, early evening poor. November 4 (to 9.30 a.m.) fair, then poor to 11 a.m., and good to 1 p.m. November 5 (around midday) helpful.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Be wary of difficulties, delays, and annoyances, especially on November 3, November 4 (early), November 7 (afternoon), November 8 (morning), and November 9 (early). Begin no new ventures, and avoid changes, discord, rashness, aggression and delays.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): November 7 (around midnight), November 8 (around dusk and late evening), and November 9 (except near 8 a.m.) can produce beneficial conditions and opportunities; plan ahead and attack with confidence. Be a little cautious on November 3 (dusk), November 4 (morning), November 5 (morning), and November 10.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Film Guide

★★★ **EAGLE SQUADRON.** Diana Barrymore, Robert Stack in fascinating air drama.—State; 1st week.

★★★ **THE MALTESE FALCON.** Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor in excellent mystery melodrama.—Plaza; 1st week.

★★★ **H. M. PULHAM, Esq.** Hedy Lamarr, Robert Young in enchanting romance.—St. James; 3rd week.

★★★ **PROFESSOR MAMLOCK.** S. Mezhinski in powerful Russian anti-Nazi drama.—Savoy; 5th week.

★★★ **MRS. MINIVER.** Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon in magnificent drama.—Liberty; 6th week.

★★★ **THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER.** Monty Woolley, Bette Davis in enchanting comedy.—Century; 8th week.

★★ **JEANNIE.** Barbara Mullen, Michael Redgrave in refreshing romance.—Embassy; 2nd week.

★★ **THE FLEET'S IN.** Dorothy Lamour, William Holden in racy musical.—Prince Edward; 3rd week.

★★ **SOUTH AMERICAN GEORGE.** George Formby, Linden Travers in rollicking slapstick.—Victory; 3rd week.

★★ **TO THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI.** John Payne, Maureen O'Hara in thrilling U.S. Marine Corps adventure.—Regent; 3rd week.

★★ **TWIN BEDS.** Joan Bennett in racy marital farce.—Mayfair; 4th week.

★ **RISE AND SHINE.** George Murphy, Linda Darnell in crazy campus romance.—Civic; 1st week.

★ **WHAT'S COOKIN'.** Gloria Jean, Robert Paige in pleasant musical.—Capitol; 1st week.

★ **RIDE 'EM, COWBOY.** Abbott, Costello, less comical than usual.—Lyceum; 7th week.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and

LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, have agreed to escort

DR. GRIFF: Who is perfecting an invention to destroy planes in the air with electrical energy, to a secret laboratory. But, unknown to Mandrake, the doctor is kidnapped and his place taken by an

OLD ACTOR: Who, perfectly disguised, accompanies him to the train.

On the journey the pseudo doctor decides to get out at a station to buy cigarettes and, when Mandrake follows him, he imagines himself under suspicion and decides to murder his protector on the train.

NOW READ ON:

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AUSTRALIAN BREN-GUN CARRIER halts at Mediterranean and men cool off in water.

FIELD P.O. IN THE DESERT. Troops can send cables and register letters here.

Morshead's Diggers fight Rommel again

Glowing tribute to their courage and kindness

They're in battle again — the Diggers who stopped Rommel's last drive into Egypt — and so put a new shine onto the rising sun badge.

And here's how those boys live and fight in the desert—a pungent account written by an English reporter who visited the A.I.F. in the front line after the last show, not long before they began to share this new British offensive sweep across the battle-worn miles of sand in North Africa. This story of our boys appeared in "Parade," a Cairo publication.

ARCH THE PADRE and his gramophone. He takes it to the front line, where, during action, he tends wounded.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR LESLIE MORSHEAD, Commander of the Middle East Diggers, who was knighted for his defence of Tobruk.

OF all the British troops in the Western Desert, the Aussies are the most tribally distinctive.

It is not only the Digger hat, because towards the front that disappears.

It is language, outlook, physique, and skin pigmentation.

Sun, wind, and seawater have made the Aussies the brownest of all the British races.

Sunglare has left crow's-feet round their eyes.

Open-air life in a spacious, friendly land has made them good-natured, sincere, and kindly.

Too honest to be conventionally pleasant to anybody he does not like, the Australian often is regarded by the outsider as over-blunt.

It was an English reporter, J. L. Hodson, who wrote of the A.I.F.: "If there were more Australians in this world there would be less humbug in it."

With an Australian, you do know where you stand.

Desert camaraderie brings out in most men the simple virtues of tolerance, amiability, and kindness. But you feel the Aussies were much the same before they came to war.

Drive in next to an Australian truck in the desert just before sunset. Ten to one a Digger will slouch across and ask if you'd care for some tea (he never says chai, the Arabic word popular with many of the troops).

Picturesque slang

AFTER a few days with the Aussies the visitor finds himself using the oddest expressions—words like **furphy, botting, bonzer, dinkum, on the snozzle,** and **she's a pea.**

A furphy is an A.I.F. rumor straight from the horse's mouth, or from the brigadier's batman.

In the desert, **botting** or loafing is **on the snozzle** or beyond the limit. **She's sweet** or **she's a pea** means all is well.

Eavesdrop on a battalion H.Q. phone behind Tel el Eisa.

A young company commander is calling the colonel (this is an actual case): "Evening, sir. They're here. They're sitting all round us. But she's sweet."

That means enemy tanks are encircling a forward infantry position. The company commander is not worried. What are sticky bombs made for?

Out there on the edge of the Tel el Eisa no man's land you see the toughest and perhaps hardest-working of the Aussies, the infantrymen and machine-gunners.

Although only a few miles from their friends they live in a lonely world of flies, mosquitoes, heat, mirages, sandbags, and distant dust clouds which sometimes proclaim the existence of the enemy, sometimes not.

They play "V" for victory on their Bren guns and they call desert sores "Rommel rash."

Between their sand - bagged trenches and dugouts on this ground the Australians have captured is strewn the litter of battle—Italian water-bottles, a burned-out "volkswagen," dust-smeared snapshots of bambinos, swags of "via aera" and "mit liftpost" envelopes, letters in English, German, and Italian feminine handwriting, the ink blurred by night dew.

And among the section posts are sand mounds surmounted by tin hats or mess tins, or both—the graves of Australians, Germans and Italians.

The sight of Australian graves makes the Australians hate the Germans. But they are ready to respect in death a good soldier from the other side.

Twenty yards from battered Tel el Eisa Station is a German grave. Into the sand an Australian has stuck a packing-case cross.

Down in the dusty gloom of their dugouts the Aussies, after the fashion of their race, make themselves comfortable.

Bits of smashed enemy tanks and lorries make an earth-hole into a home. Empty steel ammo boxes make cupboards. Railway sleepers across the roof, with a deep covering of rock and sand, make a splinter-proof lid.

The Aussies have many songs about their dugouts. One goes:

There's a place in my heart which no Jerry can awn,
It's my own little dugout, my own home, sweet home,
Sure I love the dear rafters that fall on my head,
And the fleas that infest my dirty old bed.
My dear little dugout, so close to the sea,
God bless you and cleanse you and keep you for me.

In the late afternoon, an hour before the Jerry gunners start their customary "evening hate," a sun-scorched Aussie ambles to a forward section post from a truck parked 100 yards away.

He wears the insignia of a padre. In each hand he carries a leather box. Down the jam-tin air-vent of a dugout he calls: "What'll it be this afternoon, boys?"

Through the sandbag curtain that serves as a door, two sandy faces peer. "Ah, it's good old Arch. Swing it, padre. Swing it!"

Arch the padre (in peacetime the Rev. Berkeley Archbold, on a New South Wales rural circuit) opens his portable gramophone.

Services in sand dunes

ACROSS no man's land squeaks hot rhythm, made in the U.S.A. The men love it.

"That little box of yours, Arch, puts me right back on a dance-floor in Sydney. If I were there now with my sheila!"

In his record box Arch carries classics, hot stuff, and hymns. The troops get whatever they ask for.

On Sundays the padre carts his two boxes round the desert, holding short services in sand dunes, in wadis, or anywhere he finds Diggers.

The padre's activities are doubled in battle. In the stickiest spots he is helping the wounded and comforting the dying.

One night, when nobody else knew the way, he piloted an operational party through a minefield. He is fanatically anti-publicity, and will be mad when he sees this in print. He is a **dinkum Aussie.**

Aussie troops in the desert are annoyed by the phoney build-up sometimes given them.

Too often has the Aussie been portrayed as a happy-go-lucky superman who stands on the skyline waving his arms at the enemy and shouting: "Shoot me if you can." That is entirely fake. It annoys the Australian.

Inclined to be loquacious in a bar on leave, and sometimes the problem child of the redcap, at the front he is quiet and purposeful.

Rather than being an arm-waver on skylines, the Australian soldier prides himself on camouflage and concealment.

So effective are Australian dugouts and slit trenches that when 340 shells fell in one day in an Australian company area on Tel el Eisa, there was not one casualty.

When the Germans learned that Australians had been thrown into the Battle of Egypt, the "Deutschlandsender" snarled: "Ali Baba Morshead and his twenty thousand thieves have arrived in the land of the Pharaohs."

From one of Ali Baba's men this provoked a long screed beginning:

Old Jerry had us on the run; the news was far from hot,
He had his foot in Egypt and the Sphinx was on the spot.
The C.-in-C., grim back to wall, sent signals out in sheaves
To Ali Baba Morshead and his 20,000 thieves,
So Leslie called his G staff and whispered in their ears,
His message went to Auky: "Have a pot and drown your fears,
We'll make that fellow Rommel think he's got the desert heaves,
Will Ali Baba Morshead and his 20,000 thieves."

Ali Baba is the Australians' taciturn G.O.C., Major-General Sir Leslie Morshead.

A one-time schoolmaster, who in 1939 was manager for the Orient Line, General Morshead went to World War I as a private in the A.I.F.

Picking up a book ("Australian Journey," by Paul McGuire) from one of the A.I.F.'s admirable mobile libraries, you read:

"One thinks . . . of the wide land, of the great sun and the iron hills and the illimitable plains, of the blue-gums by the creeks, and the little townships and the long dusty roads; and one thinks of the lean, brown men and the strong women who belong to that country and no other . . ."

Yes, to that country and no other.

2GB Fridays 9 to 10 p.m.

"A to Z MUSICAL REVUE"

It's new . . . it's different . . . and it's grand entertainment

9.30 p.m. Saturdays 2GB

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4721924

HOSPITAL UNDER CANVAS: *A.I.F. nurses at forward station*

AUSTRALIA'S only hospital completely under canvas; in Northern Territory under active-service conditions.

BLACKOUT, pet goat, with his owner, Sister Kiel. His predatory habits make him unpopular with many.

NURSES have many pets. Mary Haynes holds Junior the 'roo, Jean Johnson, Pinocchio the pooch, and Phyllis Rogers has Jean, the hospital's only hen.

TWO NURSES on their morning rounds of the soldier patients in one of the many tent wards of the hospital.

EVERY DAY is washing-day in this climate, nurses say.

OFF TO WORK. Nurses travel between their living quarters and hospital on this specially adapted lorry.

LUNCH-TIME in the nurses' mess. These girls share all the hardships and discomforts common to the fighting forces at forward battle stations—but they still smile.

MASSEUSES who are attached to the hospital: Misses E. Lemerle, E. Way, H. Watson, and K. Lynch.—Photos: Department of Information.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4721925

The Pied Piper

HOWARD asked, "What does your wife think about it?"

"She thinks that it's the proper thing to do. She wants to come back to Geneva with me."

"Oh . . ."

The other turned to him. "It's really about that that I looked in to see you," he said. "We were thinking—Felicity was wondering . . . if you could possibly take the children back to England with you when you go?"

He went on hurriedly, before Howard could speak: "It's only just to take them to my sister's house in Oxford, up on Boars Hill. As a matter of fact, I could send her a telegram and she could meet you at Southampton with the car, and drive them straight to Oxford. It's asking an awful lot, I'm afraid. If you feel you couldn't manage it . . . we'll understand."

Howard stared at him. "My dear chap," he said, "I shall be only too glad to do anything I can to help."

"Then you'll take them?"

"Of course I will, if that's what you want me to do."

Cavanagh went away to tell his wife, leaving the old man in a flutter. He had planned to stay in Dijon and in Paris for a night as he had done on the way out; it now seemed to him that it would be wiser if he were to travel straight through to Calais. He had not realised that Calais was in German hands . . .

He came down presently, and met Felicity Cavanagh in the salon. She caught his hand. "It's so very, very kind of you to do this for us," she said. It seemed to him that she had been crying a little.

"Not in the least," he said. "I shall enjoy having them as travelling companions."

She smiled. "I've just told them. They're simply thrilled. They're terribly excited to be going home with you." It was the first time that he had heard her speak of England as home.

The leave-taking next morning was short and awkward. Howard had said everything that there was to say to the Cavanaghs, and the children were eager to climb into the car.

Their father and mother kissed them, awkward and red-faced, but the meaning of the parting escaped the children altogether. Howard stood by, embarrassed.

Mrs. Cavanagh muttered, "Goodbye, my darlings," and turned away.

Ronald said, "May I sit by the driver?"

Sheila said, "I want to sit by the driver, too."

Howard stepped forward. "You're both going to sit behind with me." He bundled them into the back of the car. Then he turned back to their mother. "They're very happy," he said gently. "That's the main thing, after all."

He got into the car; it moved off down the road, and that miserable business was all over.

. . . . . .

Three hours after leaving Morez, Howard had to rouse Sheila from a heavy slumber as they drew into a little country station where they had to change. She woke up hot and fretful and began to cry a little for no reason at all.

The old man wiped her eyes, got out of the carriage, lifted the children down onto the platform, and then got back into the carriage for the hand luggage. There were no porters on the platform, but it seemed that that was inevitable in France in wartime.

He walked along the platform carrying the hand luggage, with the two children beside him; he modified his pace to suit their rate of walking. At the Bureau he found a stout stationmaster.

Howard inquired if the Rapide from Switzerland was likely to be late.

The man said that the Rapide would not arrive. No trains from Switzerland would arrive.

Dumbfounded, Howard expostulated. It was intolerable that one had not been told that at Saint-Claude. How, then, could one proceed to Dijon?

The stationmaster said that monsieur might rest tranquil. A train would run from the frontier at Vallorbes to Dijon. It was incessantly expected. It had been incessantly expected for two hours.

Howard returned to the children and his luggage, annoyed and worried. Sheila was peevish and obviously ill. The old man tried a variety of ways to rouse her interest, without a great deal of success.

An hour and forty minutes later, when he was thoroughly worn out, the train for Dijon pulled into the station. It was very full, but he managed to find one seat in a first-class carriage and took Sheila on his knee, where she fell asleep again before so very long. Ronnie stood by the door looking out of the window, chattering in French to a fat old woman in a corner.

The station at Dijon was a seethe-

Continued from page 4

ing mass of soldiers. With the utmost difficulty Howard got the children and his bags out of the train. He had an attache case and a suitcase and a tin tube that held his rods with him in the carriage; the rest of his luggage with the little portmanteau that held the children's clothes was registered through to Paris.

Carrying Sheila in his arms and leading Ronnie by the hand, he could not carry any of his luggage; he was forced to leave everything in a corner of the station platform and thrust his way with the two children through the crowd towards the exit.

The square before the station was a mass of lorries and troops. He threaded his way through and across the road to the hotel he had stayed at before, startled and bewildered by the confusion of the town. At the desk the girl recognised him, but told him that all the rooms were taken by the military.

"But, mademoiselle," he said, "I have a sick child to look after."

The girl said, "It is difficult for you, m'sieu. But what can I do?"

He smiled slowly. "You can go and fetch Madame, and perhaps it will be possible for us to arrange something."

Twenty minutes later he was in possession of a room with one large double bed, and apologising to an indignant French subaltern whose capitaine had ordered him to double up with another officer.

The maid, a stout, untidy woman bulging out of her clothes, bustled about and made the room tidy.

"The poor little one," she said. "She is ill—yes? Be tranquil, monsieur. Without doubt, she has a little chill, or she has eaten something bad. All will be well, two days, three days, perhaps. Then she will be quite well again." The old man said courteously. "One thing more: If I put her to bed now, would you come back and stay with her while I go to get a doctor?"

The woman said, "Certainly, monsieur. The poor little one! But let me put her to bed for you."

She took charge of Sheila while Howard went in search of a doctor, fortunately finding one among the officers in the dining-room. He pronounced Sheila to have a slight fever, which would undoubtedly disappear after a day or so in bed.

Howard fed the children with milk and plain cakes, then put Ronnie to bed in his shirt and went back to the station in search of their luggage.

The station, again, was thronged with troops. Howard searched painstakingly for his luggage, and found the tin case with his rods and small attache case; the suitcase had vanished, nor could he discover any trace of the registered luggage.

He had not expected any more, but the loss of the suitcase was a serious matter. He would look for it in the morning; in the meantime they must all get on without pyjamas for the night. He made his way back to the hotel and up to the bedroom again.

Both children were sleeping. Sheila was hot and restless and had thrown off most of her coverings. He spread them over her more lightly and stretched himself to sleep uneasily in the armchair, wrapped in the bed coverlet, desperately worried over what the next day would bring. One fact consoled him: he had his rods quite safe.

Dawn came at five and found him still dozing uneasily. The children woke soon after that and began chattering and playing in the bed; the old man stirred and sat up stiffly in his chair. He rubbed a hand over his face; he was feeling very ill. Then the children claimed his attention and he got up to put them right.

He washed them both, set Ronnie to dress himself; then he sponged over his own face and rang for the femme de chambre.

She came presently, and exclaimed when she saw the chair and coverlet. "Monsieur has slept so?" she said. "But there was room in bed for all of you!"

He felt a little foolish. "The little one is ill," he said. "When a child is ill, she should have room. I was quite comfortable."

HER eyes softened, and she clucked her tongue. "To-night I will find another mattress," she said.

He ordered coffee and rolls and jam; she went away and came back presently with a loaded tray. As she set it down upon the dressing-table, he ventured, "I must go out this morning to look for my luggage, and to buy a few things. I will take the little boy with me; I shall not be very long. Would you listen for the little girl, in case she cries?"

The woman beamed at him. "Assuredly. But it will not be necessary for monsieur to hurry. I will bring la petite Rose, and she can play with the little sick one."

Howard said, "Rose?"

He stood for ten minutes, listening to a torrent of family history. Little Rose was eight years old, the daughter of the woman's brother, who was in England. No doubt monsieur had met her brother? Tenois was the name, Henri Tenois. He was in London, the wine waiter at the Hotel Dickens, in Russell Square.

He was a widower, so the femme de chambre made a home for la petite Rose. And so on, minute after minute.

Howard had to exercise a good deal of tact to get rid of her before his coffee cooled.

An hour later, spruce and shaved and leading Ronnie by the hand, he went to the station. For half an hour they searched the platforms, still thronged with the tired troops, but found no sign of the lost suitcase. Nor could the overworked and worried officials give any help.

They left the station and walked up towards the centre of the town to buy pyjamas for the children. They bought some purple sweets called cassis to take back with them for Sheila, and they bought a large green picture book called Babar the Elephant.

It was on the way back to the hotel that they came across Roger Dickinson, and stopped to chat with him a little while. Howard had met him six months before at his club and remembered vaguely that he was something to do with a newspaper.

But Dickinson's conversation left the old man dazed and bewildered. The Germans were across the Marne . . . Italy had declared war . . . The only hope of escape for an Englishman was to get to St. Malo instantly, before the boats stopped running across to Southampton . . .

Howard turned away towards the hotel, leading Ronnie by the hand.

To be continued

Gup—the Stuttering Pup

WAR broke out: World War number two. I joined up the day it did. I'd had a little military training, so I was made a corporal almost right off. I went around to tell Mr. Herbert Harrington Pills off in my new uniform. I opened the door of his office and bellowed at him:

To-morrow in the story, in the comics and in the radio serial, I kill off Gup, the Stuttering Pup!

Mr. Herbert Harrington Pills jumped out of his swivel chair, and clasped his hands. Oh, horrors! he cried. Oh, no, you can't do that! Oh, you mustn't, Mr. Warren!

I'm through with him, I yelled, feeling lighthearted for the first time in three years.

We must keep up the morale of the people, he cried. Picture two million homes in Canada where there are children. And those children pick up to-morrow's paper and learn that Gup's dead! Children in two million homes will go weeping to their mothers—and fathers. In two million homes there'll be weeping children. Think of that!

He went on and on, and I like a fool listened to him. After a while what he was saying seemed to make some sense; I don't know whether it was because of what he said or how he said it. Anyway I caught myself saying, yeah, yeah to his questions.

And so in the mornings and afternoons I was a soldier; in the evenings and on leaves I kept Gup breathing. The Army was a picnic, a holiday to me, and I really put my men through their paces. I was given another stripe and made an instructor.

But after half a year of instructing I got jealous of my men. They were going overseas. I was stuck here in Canada. I wanted to see

Continued from page 5

some action, too! I asked for a transfer. It was refused, but I kept right on asking. Finally it came through.

Not only that, I was made a sergeant-major. Here was my chance, I figured. I'd make a panzer unit that'd break through anything. It made me feel really something to be proud of.

Then I got a warning. Another sergeant-major I knew quite well had developed a smart company, too. But somehow his men found out that he used to be a hairdresser. After that every time he came into the mess hall and shouted: Any complaints to-day, boys? they'd answer in an effeminate singsong: No, dear. Everything is fine, dear.

That ruined him. His discipline was shot. I knew then what would happen to me if my company found out I wrote kids' stories. I swore come Halloween or high water they never would know.

One day we got an invitation to attend a radio quiz show. It was part of an entertainment programme, civvies and troops. We all went. The master of ceremonies was the same fellow who announced on "Gup, the Stuttering Pup." But he'd always kept my secret and I didn't see any danger ahead now.

He took a hand mike down among the boys and asked them typical quiz questions and chatted with them about army life. Half-way through the show he spotted me, and nodded. I nodded back, but I never thought he'd do what he did. Talking into the mike he made his way towards me.

And while I'm over on this side, he said, I'd like to interview a real celebrity. We have here a man, now a sergeant-major in the Army, who is really famous, though even his best friends don't know it. There isn't a person in all Canada who hasn't been entertained by him.

I shook my head at him to tell him to lay off, and whispered, Don't!

But he went right on: This gentleman—or perhaps I should say soldier now—is very secretive about his profession, and goes under a pseudonym, but now that he'll soon be going overseas I don't suppose he'd mind revealing his real identity.

No, don't! No! I shouted it now, pulling on his arm. Don't tell!

But even that didn't stop him. Ladies and gentlemen, he announced, I'd like you to meet Sergeant-Major Warren, who writes the well-known ——

I lost my head. I went berserk! You glory seeker! I yelled, swinging him up over my head. I shook him a couple of times—how he yelled!—and then I threw him and his mike half-way across the studio against the wall. That shut him up.

I haven't the least idea what happened after that except that the police came tearing in and I did a bit of resisting—and hence all the charges.

Wasn't there plenty of reason for my doing what I did? Maybe not legal reason, but plain reason, reason according to human nature!

If I must pay a penalty, don't reduce my rank. Anything else! I'll pay for all the damage done out of my own bank account if necessary.

Because I've built my company into the toughest in the Canadian Army. The boys are keen and ready and I want to lead them into battle. I want that tough company of mine to be a spearhead. That's all I ask.

Except one thing. For the sake of army morale, don't let it out that I'm Myrtle Teasdale!

Respectfully,
Sergeant-Major Nick Warren.

(Copyright)

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead

"Hello! I think I've found that dog you advertised for!"

Radio revue and the alphabet

In radio revue, as in other types, novelty must be the predominant feature.

And in the new "A to Z" musical revue to be broadcast from station 2GB every Saturday night at 9.30 a novel approach has been achieved in the presentation of well-known artists and popular recordings.

EACH half-hour programme will be built around a letter of the alphabet. Thus the first will feature the letter A, and the topics commence with the letter "A." There will be Australia, America, Austerity, Amusement, and so on. But that is not all.

The programme will highlight artists whose names begin with "A"—the Andrew Sisters, Arthur Askew, Andrew Kostelanetz, Alec Templeton, Arundel Nixon, and others.

In the second programme listeners will hear such well-known favorites as Bing Crosby, who will pay tribute to the letter "B" with "Birth of the Blues." Babe Scott will sing "I'm Such a Bloomin' Nuisance in a Blackout"; Benny Goodman will play "Be Sure"; and the Weston Brothers present a B.B.C. tragedy and a "Bevy of Beauty for Bevin." Other artists in the same programme are Bonny Baker and Betty Boop.

In the third programme such favorites as Carmen Miranda, Cyril Ritchard, Carroll Lewis, and Australia's own Jean Cerchi will be featured.

"A, B, C" are easy letters to deal with, but there will be plenty of fun when the producers have to grapple with "Q," "X," and "Z." That, however, will not be for some time, as it is planned to present the session for 26 weeks.

Producer of the "A to Z" musical revue is George Matthews, who has been responsible for many outstanding dramatic features for radio—programmes such as "The Black Tulip," "Marie Antoinette," "East Lynne," and "The Silver King." He has also been associated with many lighter programmes, such as "Radio Hollywood."

The first programme of the series "A to Z" musical revue will be broadcast from 2GB at 9.30 p.m. on Saturday, November 7.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, November 4.—Mr. Edwards and Goodie Reeve. Gardening Talk.
THURSDAY, November 5.—Goodie Reeve in "Precious Moments." Also Mrs. Olwen Francis presents "The Housewife on the Home Front."
FRIDAY, November 6. — The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in Gems of Melody and Thought.
SATURDAY, November 7.—Goodie Reeve in "Musical Mysteries."
SUNDAY, November 8.—Highlights from Opera.
MONDAY, November 9. —"Letters from Our Boys."
TUESDAY, November 10.—"Musical Alphabet." Also Mrs. Olwen Francis in "The Housewife on the Home Front."

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

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Fashion PATTERNS

PLEASE NOTE: To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: ★ Write your name and full address in block letters. ★ Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. ★ State size required. ★ For children state age of child. ★ Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

Young girl's frock

THIS charming little model (No. 282, shown right) is available clearly traced on good quality eyelet voile in attractive pastel tonings of blue, pink, green, and lemon.

The style is very simple with its square neckline, gathered yoke, trim waistline, and softly-flared skirt featuring twin pockets which are finished with gay embroidery.

In sizes to fit 4 to 6 years, the price is 6/6 and 7 coupons, and 6 to 8 years 7/11 and 7 coupons. Postage is 9½d. extra, and paper pattern costs 1/4.

Please quote No. 282 when ordering.

Suit for Sonny

SERVICEABLE indeed is the suit, shown above, for the small member of the family. The pattern is traced on hard-wearing material called linette, in shades of pink, blue, green, ecru (deep cream), lemon, and white. Ready to cut and sew.

It features a V neckline with no collar at the back, quaintly buttoned bolice, and trim pants; small breast pocket with an embroidery motif completes the style.

In sizes to fit 2 to 4 years, the cost is 5/6, plus 7 coupons, and 4 to 6 years, 6/3 and 7 coupons. Postage is 9½d. extra.

Please quote No. 283 when ordering.

DAINTY FROCK-HANGERS

THESE frock-hangers (covers only) are ideal Christmas presents, for they are coupon free and will be appreciated by all smart-minded girls. They are traced on pastel linens, organdies, and rayon crepe-de-chine. Each cover has a different design, and may be finished with a piece of narrow lace from your scrap-bag or in buttonhole-stitch.

Wooden hangers should be padded well with a layer of cotton-wool before cover is placed over it.

Each cover is priced at 1/11, or the set of 3 may be obtained for 5/6. Postage charged is 6½d. Be sure to quote No. 284 and state material required.

Special Concession Pattern

ENGAGING SUN-SUITS.

Sizes 1 to 6 years.
No. 1 requires 1yd., 36ins. wide.
No. 2 requires 1yd., 36ins. wide.
No. 3 requires 1yd., 36ins. wide.

F2014.—Adorable sun-frock for small girls 2 to 8 years. Requires 1⅞yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F3294A.—Smart new style for the larger woman. 38 to 44 bust. Requires 4⅞yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F107.—Dainty nightgown with flattering bodice. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4¾yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3235.—Cool summer style with full skirt and gathered bodice. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3⅞yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2281.—Attractive tailored frock for business girls. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4¼yds. and ⅝yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

CONCESSION COUPON

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue. 2d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old 3d. extra.

Send your order to "Pattern Department," in the address in your State, as under:

Box 383A, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box 189C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 401G, G.P.O., Perth. Box 4088W, G.P.O. Sydney.
Box 406F, G.P.O., Brisbane. Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME .....

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TOWN .....

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SIZE .....

Pattern Coupon, 7/11/42.

Fashion FROCK SERVICE

"LORETTA" . . . FROCK IN SPRIGGED POPLIN

THE "LORETTA" frock is ideal for summer and is made in a dainty poplin in a natural shade gaily splashed with a sweet-pea design in pink, blue, mauve, and amber interlaced with green.

This frock is available from our Fashion Frock Department ready to wear or cut out ready to make yourself.

"LORETTA" is made on simple lines, with flattering V neckline, gored skirt, and slim-making shaped waistband.

Ready to wear. Sizes 32, 34, 36-inch bust, 43/9 (12 cpns). 38 and 40-inch bust, 47/6 (12 cpns.)

Cut out to make yourself. 32, 34, 36-inch bust, 35/11 (12 cpns.). 38 and 40-inch bust, 37/6 (12 cpns.).

Postage, 1/9½ extra.

How to obtain "LORETTA": In N.S.W. obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 3488, G.P.O. Sydney. In other States use address given at left. When ordering be sure to state bust measurements and name of model.

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CHRISTMAS CARD ART UNION. Mrs. Lennox Bode and Dorothy Williams pack up batches of Red Cross Christmas Art Union cards at the Special Auxiliary Office in Martin Place.

AIR FORCE HOUSE QUEEN. Jean Souter, Air Force House Queen in Younger Set competition, discusses with Mrs. Warwick Fairfax plans for a cocktail party at History House on November 13.

MELBOURNE WEDDING. Lieut. G. Olsen, U.S. Army Air Corps, and his bride, formerly Shirley McGregor, of Melbourne. Shirley has many friends here in Sydney.

VICE-REGAL INSPECTION. The Hon. Robert Loder, with his leg in plaster, and Miss Elizabeth Vidler, president of the University Settlement Board, watch Lady Wakehurst inspecting a guard of honor of Girl Guides at the University Settlement Fete.

Jottings ON THE HOME FRONT

WELFARE CENTRE. Mrs. A. Richardson and Mrs. F. N. Rayward supervise reading-room in the new Everyman's Welfare Centre for the forces at 330-332 George Street. Able-Seaman B. Davey, Gunners J. W. Cunningham, A.I.F., L. Birmingham, K. Joiner, A. Fyfe, C. A. Hiscock, and L.a.c. Roberts enjoy the comfort of the new centre.

Heard Around TOWN

LEAVE passes coincide for A.c.w. Del White, W.A.A.A.F., and brother, Fighter-Pilot Baden Keith White, R.A.A.F. Have double celebration as their birthdays both fall within leave time.

Mother, Mrs. E. K. White, of Kurraba Point, gives them party each on their respective birthdays.

• • •

LOVELY solitaire diamond ring specially designed for Gloria Martyn when she announces her engagement to Gunner Harold James Ritchie, A.I.F.

Gloria is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Martyn, of Lewisham, formerly of Bowral, and her fiance is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Ritchie, of Loftus Street, Bowral.

• • •

THIS week the Bundles for Britain committee open their shop in Rowe Street, where I find Helen Williams ensconsed behind counter of attractive American goods.

Flowers, fruit, and other donated goods fill shop, which is thronged with "Bundles" supporters.

• • •

IN reply to urgent demand from her husband, who is a lieutenant on active service with A.I.F., Mrs. MacNathan orders special "wallet-size" copies of all their wedding pictures, so Mac can go furnished with pictorial record of wedding in his kit.

• • •

DOWN on leave from W.A.A.A.F. pretty Betty Booth tells me news of sister Sheila, with V.A.'s in Middle East. Sheila's engagement to Major Joe Comber, of 107th South Nottinghamshire Hussars Regiment, Royal Horse Artillery, recently announced.

Sheila writes to say may wed soon, and will probably go straight to England after wedding.

C.U.S.A. APPEAL. Drivers Sheila Hawk and Cath Grant load up the C.U.S.A. mobile canteen before setting out on their rounds. Canteen will be stationed at Kensington Oval on December 6 for C.U.S.A. Field Day.

FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT and Mrs. Norman Barr receive hosts of telegrams after their wedding at St. Philip's Church. Cheeriest of these is cable from bride's brother, Sergeant Wallace Jackson, R.A.A.F., on active service in Middle East.

Bride is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Jackson, of Bellevue Hill, and bridegroom is the eldest son of Mrs. E. R. Barr, of Manly, and the late Mr. D. Barr.

• • •

MRS. MARCEL DEKYVERE dons V.A. uniform for first time this week. Begins course at Sydney Hospital.

COUNTRY centres poll most votes in early stages of Miss Red Cross competition. Leader, with 60,000 votes, is Moree candidate, Mrs. Clifford Longworth, followed by "Miss Grafton" (Moya Brown) with 48,000 votes.

Gwen Furney, Bathurst candidate, has already polled 36,000 votes, and Miss D. Arthur (Broadmeadow), Eileen Bloomfield (Manilidra), and Mrs. Clarrie Martin (Waverley) are neck and neck with 24,000 votes apiece.

Bowral, Adelong, Chatswood, Gundagai, and Stockton centres are next in line.

Competition, which is State-wide, closes November 28.

• • •

LADY WAKEHURST cuts birthday cake made by one of the members at Soroptomists 5th birthday luncheon.

President (Mrs. Edith Glanville) reads birthday cables from British, Canadian and American Soroptomists.

Also reads letter from the Mayor of Bath, thanking club for comforts sent through English Soroptomists.

"It is actions such as yours that have enabled us to carry on after that terrible blitz," concludes letter of thanks.

• • •

BUSY committee for Queen of 2/5 Field Regiment Comforts Fund Younger Set, Marion Johns, have lined up numbers of money-raising projects for her candidature in Younger Set Queen Competition which closes November 30.

Lieut. "Ro" Cutler, V.C., an "old boy" of the regiment, is to be guest of honor at a cocktail party at Rose's on November 13, and on November 28 will open fete at home of Mrs. Hector Clayton at Double Bay for same cause.

ARMY QUEEN. Helen Christoe, 2/6 Field Regiment Comforts Fund Younger Set candidate in the Younger Set Queen competition, and committee president, Helen Lloyd.

HELEN WEIHEN tells me she and Gunner Lennie Muir decide to have quiet family wedding. Choose St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street, for ceremony, and Helen's parents' home at Darling Point for small reception.

Helen is the second daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. W. Weihen, of Darling Point, and Lennie is second son of the late Mr. J. B. Muir, of Melbourne and Adelaide.

Helen chooses white satin wedding gown to wear with Venetian point lace veil worn by her mother at her wedding; for bouquet orders fragrant lily-of-the-valley.

Matron of honor, Mrs. Tom Peters, has no coupon worries for her frocks. Decides to wear full-skirted powder-blue moire frock worn by Helen when she was bridesmaid to brother Jim some months ago in Melbourne.

• • •

AFTER a short honeymoon Mrs. Leslie MacKenzie is now back at her war job in the city.

Mrs. MacKenzie was formerly Beryl Brown, and her marriage to Gunner MacKenzie, R.A.N., was quietly celebrated at St. Philip's Church.

Beryl is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Clark Brown, of Claremont, W.A., and Leslie is second son of Mr. and Mrs. George MacKenzie, of Adelaide.

Cables from Beryl's two brothers, William and Mick, both serving with R.A.N. overseas, read at reception.

• • •

MR. AND MRS. ERNEST LEVY very thrilled with wire from daughter Anita from Victorian W.A.A.A.F. station.

Anita, youngest in her course, passes with credit, and is now section officer.

Is one of original 500 girls who joined W.A.A.A.F., and has been in camp over 18 months.

• • •

INTERESTING engagement just announced is that of Section-Officer Joyce Levens, W.A.A.A.F., of Richmond, Victoria, and Squadron-Leader Clarence Cole Degenhardt, R.A.A.F., of Sydney.

Joyce is second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Levens, of Victoria.

Fiance is only son of Mr. C. A. Degenhardt, of Killara, and the late Mrs. Degenhardt.

CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND. Miss Ethel Lakeman, director of the Woolloomooloo Children's Playground, directs and supervises the children's games.

MRS. T. H. KELLY, president of the R.A.A.F. Central Area Comforts Fund, announces that proceeds from the fund's dinner dance at Prince's on October 6 amount to £205.

• • •

ANNIVERSARY of inauguration of U.S.S.R. falls this Saturday, so N.S.W. Aid Russia Committee plans full week-end of celebration.

One hundred marchers in costume of Red Army, Cossacks, Navy, guerrillas, nurses, and factory workers march from Mitchell Library to Martin Place, where they form the hammer and sickle emblem of the U.S.S.R.

Helen Kirsova dances, and Mrs. Jessie Street and Dr. Graham Drew address crowds from platform.

Saturday committee arranges anniversary dance at Town Hall, where Russian buffet is feature of the evening.

Betty

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Movie World

• *Her own garden frames Columbia's Jean Parker, who has taken up growing vegetables for Victory—and finds her sports rig makes an ideal working outfit.*

• *Holidays near home is Brenda Marshall's slogan for economy. And here is the Warners' star enjoying leisure on a real ranch which is owned by friends—and where husband Bill Holden will come on Army leave.*

• *Sunlight of Mexico is appreciated by Maureen O'Hara, on recuperative rest after her long illness—and anxious to get back to the canteen work of Hollywood.*

Austerity is tops in Hollywood

By JOAN McLEOD, in Hollywood

THE new simplicity imposed on Hollywood by the war is welcomed by girls like Brenda Marshall, Jean Parker, and Maureen O'Hara—who are not afraid of the searching sunlight on natural faces, and who look attractive in sports clothes, anyway.

Older actresses, who relied upon furs, elaborate hair-do's, the art of make-up man and dress-designer to keep them glamorous in public, are worried to death.

A certain band of 30 to 40 aged glamor girls can be heard lamenting because the dress-designers have either joined the forces or, like Janet Gaynor's husband (Adrian), are awaiting the call-up! But no one hears their moans.

The bright girls are busy with war bonds sales tours, the Hollywood services canteen, day nurseries, auxiliary services training, and V.A.D. work. They never think about their wardrobes, except as a source of charity supply.

For instance, Judy Garland has turned over her luxurious new fur coat to the Red Cross—answering an appeal for furs in order to make warm garments for soldiers on Northern duty.

Joan Crawford gave her entire collection of elaborate and almost unworn model evening gowns to be raffled for war funds.

Recent brides like Marjorie Weaver (Mrs. Donald Briggs) and Evelyn Ankers (Mrs. Richard Denning) chose simple daytime ensembles for their wedding gowns. When Olivia de Havilland marries Lieut. John Huston, it will be in a frock she has already chosen—"a frock that can be worn often afterwards," to quote Livvy herself.

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YOU CAN STOP THAT BACKACHE

But You Must First HELP YOUR KIDNEYS to Flush Out Acid Poisons.

Recognise backache as a signal that there is something wrong with your kidneys.

Your Kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes and filters. Every three minutes all the blood in your body passes through these tubes to be filtered of waste matter and acid poisons. Unless your kidneys remove about 500 grains of dangerous impurities, these tubes become clogged, causing backache, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, lumbago, swollen feet and ankles, puffiness under the eyes, headaches, rheumatic pains and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages also show there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't delay and don't experiment. Go to your chemist or store for DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS. Use them faithfully and give your kidneys the help they need before it is too late. Millions of users the world over have had quick, satisfying relief. Do as your neighbour does—take DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS to-day.***

Keep "Fighting Fit"

How often, when you are feeling tired, worn out with worry, overwork, or war-strain, do you long for energy and sparkle that can be relied on always, day or night? Remember that vigorous, buoyant feeling depends upon the health of your body, brain, and nerves. To regain normal sparkle, alertness, energy—feed your brain and nerves with WINCARNIS, the "No-waiting Tonic." Over 26,000 recommendations from medical men testify to the wonderful health-bringing value of WINCARNIS. This famous tonic is a rich, nourishing, full-blooded blend of choice wines and two vitamins essential for health.

You'll like it from the first sip, and the first glass will do you good. WINCARNIS is the pleasant, certain way of regaining your joy of living and a happy, confident outlook. Get a bottle from your chemist to-day.***

WAR IN NORWAY...

1 **IRRESPONSIBLE** racing reporter Colin (Hugh Williams) is recommended for job as war correspondent to Norway by ace journalist Lockwood (Ralph Richardson).

2 **OLD NORWEGIAN SKIPPER** (Currie) and his pretty daughter Kari (Deborah Kerr) offer to take Colin to the secret base from which the U-boats are operating.

3 **ON WAY TO OSLO** to report shortly before Norway's fall, Colin is, however, seized by Nazi agents.

4 **HIS JOY** at rescue by British destroyer on way to Dunkirk evacuation is marred by death of Lockwood.

5 **U-BOATS** threaten Britain's lifeline, so Colin offers to guide British bombers to U-boat base in Norway.

6 **SLIPPING** bravely into Norway, Colin gets help from Kari, who now knows she loves him, and hides him from Nazis.

7 **GESTAPO HEAD** in Oslo (Francis Sullivan) orders surrender of the Englishman or he will shoot village hostages.

Two British heroes return to screen

FIRST British film set in an occupied country, "The Day Will Dawn," features Hugh Williams, Deborah Kerr, and Ralph Richardson in a vivid story of oppressed Norway.

In this film, both Richardson and Williams make their first screen appearances since joining the British fighting forces. Richardson left the screen three years ago to join the Fleet Air Arm, where he now holds the rank of lieutenant-commander—and he was given just one week's leave by the Navy to film all the scenes for this picture.

Williams, who is the husband of Australian Margaret Vyner, and the proud father of a son, Hugh, born this year, is a lieutenant in the Army.

Leading lady of the film, sweet-faced Deborah Kerr, is best remembered for her remarkable work as the daughter in "Love on the Dole." In this film she portrays a courageous and resourceful Norwegian heroine.

In "The Day Will Dawn" Williams plays a British reporter who ferreta out a secret Nazi U-boat base in Norwegian waters, and aided by patriotic Norwegians signals British bombers to destroy it.

Other well-known players who have important roles in the film are Francis L. Sullivan, who again portrays a ruthless Nazi, head of the occupying forces in Norway; Finlay Currie, as Deborah's father; Roland Culver as a naval attache.

LIKE MADGE, many girls unknowingly let their pores become clogged. Soon ugly blemishes appear. Guard against this with Rexona Soap. Its silky medicated lather swiftly carries away every trace of dust and dirt, lets the tiny pores b-r-e-a-t-h-e. Rexona contains valuable medicaments made specially to freshen a muddy complexion. Use fragrant Rexona every day and your skin will stay clear and healthy always.

REXONA SOAP is medicated with Cody! and in addition contains Oil of Cassia, Oil of Cloves, Oil of Terebinth, Benzyl Acetate—all recognised valuable skin medicaments.

X.16.39a

Everyone's *Cheerful!*

Clements Tonic quickly relieves nervous exhaustion caused by anxiety, worry, loss of appetite and sleeplessness. Clements is a natural restorative that enriches the blood, replaces worn-out tissue, feeds the brain and gives you nerves of steel. Keep yourself fit and cheerful by taking Clements Tonic.

KILKENNY, S.A.

"I feel happy, and do not get depressed now", writes Mrs. E.F. of Kilkenny, another grateful user of Clements Tonic. "For years I have suffered with nervous indigestion and sleeplessness; now I feel well and strong, thanks to Clements. I'll never be without it."

thanks to

CLEMENTS TONIC

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SUMMER CHARM . . . *on a budget*

THERE are six garments sketched on this page, and you can juggle them deftly to provide a charming outfit for almost any informal occasion. Even though you can only buy the minimum amount of clothes—let them be gay. Remember, sunny yellows, vivid reds, and clear greens are so much more indicative of spring than dismal browns and greys, and bright colors are grand for the morale.

- Remember you must choose your little wardrobe carefully—every garment interchangeable.
- Yellow overblouse made on slim lines with low V neck and front closing.
- Bright green jacket to wear loose and boxy or disciplined at the waist with a belt.
- Simple gored skirt in violet, chalk-striped in white.
- Versatile red-striped shirt that can be buttoned to the throat or worn open.
- Tailored slacks to team effectively with either blouse and your jacket.
- If you have a spare remnant make a pair of trim, boyish shorts.

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Rid Kidneys of Poisons & Acids

If you suffer sharp stabbing pains, if joints are swollen, it shows your blood is poisoned through faulty kidney action. Other symptoms of Kidney Disorders are **Backache, Aching Joints and Limbs, Sciatica, Neuritis, Lumbago, Sleepless Nights, Dizziness, Nervousness, Circles under Eyes, Loss of Energy and Appetite and Frequent Headaches and Colds**, etc. Ordinary medicines can't help much because you must get to the root cause of the trouble.

The Cystex treatment is specially compounded to soothe, tone and clean kidneys and bladder and remove acids and poisons from your system safely, quickly and surely, yet contains no harmful or dangerous drugs. Cystex works in 3 ways to end your troubles.

1. Starts killing the germs which are attacking your Kidneys, Bladder, and Urinary System in two hours, yet is absolutely harmless to human tissue.
2. Gets rid of health - destroying, deadly poisonous acids with which your system has become saturated.
3. Strengthens and reinvigorates the kidneys, protects from the ravages of disease-attack on the delicate filter organism, and stimulates the entire system.

Praised by Doctors, Chemists, and One-time Sufferers

Cystex is approved by Doctors and Chemists in 73 countries and by one-time sufferers from the troubles shown above. Mr. Reg. Thomas, Townsville, Queensland, recently wrote: *"My joints were all stiff, I had leg pains, my back used to ache day and night. My bladder was weak. I had headaches and no appetite. The first dose of Cystex helped me and before I finished three boxes my health and strength came back."*

Guaranteed to Satisfy or Money Back

Get Cystex from your chemist or store today. Give it a thorough test. Cystex is guaranteed to make you feel younger, stronger, better in every way, or your money back if you return the empty package. Act now! **Now in 2 sizes—4/- and 8/-.**

This is a *GUARANTEED* **Cystex** Treatment for Your Kidneys, Bladder, and Rheumatism.

LEND all you can—

Spend when you MUST

Invest in

WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

Three-guinea model for threepence

● Scrap of charm in the form of a hat shown at right was made by a reader for a few pence; wins first prize this week in our coupon-saving contest.

MADE-OVER DRESS. It's cleverly spliced with pieces from old cardigan.

ON a shopping tour Mrs. K. Milline, of Campsie, N.S.W., saw what she considered to be the loveliest of hats. She wanted a spring and summer hat, but, of course, she wouldn't pay three guineas, the price marked on the hat.

"I'll make a hat like it from my old ones and save coupons, too," thought Mrs. Milline. And here is the way she made it:

The sparterie crown from an old hat was removed. (Before joining, the sparterie crown piece would measure 5 x 6½ins., and sparterie band for crown side, cut on cross, 19½ x 4ins.). This formed foundation; the black brim was taken from another old hat.

From a piece of heavy dusty-pink material the home milliner cut a circular piece 5½ x 6ins., and also cut a 19½ x 4in. strip on the cross. The "circular" piece went on top of sparterie foundation, and edges were sewn together.

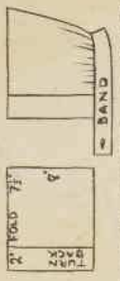
Next taking the 19½in. strip she made a ½in. turning all along top edge, and then attached this to the top, making invisible stitches. This gives a rolled edge to top of crown.

Now, with damp cloth and hot iron, she pressed this rolled edge flat. To do this it is best to insert a wad of cloth inside crown and hold it there against iron.

Lower edge of crown band was then turned in.

The old brim was ironed out flat, using a damp cloth and a very hot iron. The back was cut to bring the brim into 19½ins., then joined and pressed, the side edges turned up and again pressed.

Mrs. Milline cut front brim 2½ins., left side 2⅞ins., right side 2½ins., back 1⅞ins. Edges were wired, easing sides in a little to give a slightly rolled edge, and then bound with ½in. ribbon. Now crown was sewn on to brim with invisible stitches, and flowers (costing 3d.) were arranged and stitched on. Each side of crown was caught in, head strap attached and then veil.



IN HER DEAR LITTLE COAT and bonnet made from slacks. Diagrams show how pixie hood was made. Why not copy it?

SCANTIES made from oatmeal bags. See article.

THIS is the hat that was copied from a 3-guinea model by a reader at a cost of threepence.

Scanties from bags

ALL sorts of entries have poured in from readers, telling how they made this and that from flour bags, "mealie" bags, and the like, but the prize in the "bag" class this week goes to Mrs. Holdsworth, of Tumut, N.S.W., for the scanties, pictured above.

These made from bags (which once held rolled oats) are as soft as voile. They were skilfully cut, well made and trimmed as the sketch shows. Mrs. Holdsworth sent us the scanties for inspection. She also collects a 5/- prize for this entry.

Made-over frock

THE very sweet frock you see at top left was the work of Mrs. Mitchell, of Belmore, N.S.W. She utilised the best parts of a finely-knitted cardigan, and allied them with a frock, and the result you see. Sleeves of cardigan were shrunken so strips of material were cleverly introduced.

Mrs. Mitchell collects 5/- for this coupon-saving idea.

Coat and pixie bonnet from slacks

THE final award of 5/- this week goes to Mrs. Wharton, North Unley, S.A., for the bright coupon-saving idea—little girl's coat and pixie hood—illustrated on this page.

Mrs. Wharton sent a full description of how she made coat and bonnet from an old pair of slacks.

Now, send in your coupon-saving idea. It may win you honors, cash, and will certainly inspire other readers to make-over or transform garments, etc., that would otherwise be relegated to the rag-bag.

Address your coupon-saving idea, together with full description of article, sketch, or photograph and negative, to Eve Gye, Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly Homemaker Department.

GLARE AND GLASSES

● **Glare will hurt the eyes, but defective lenses of cheap sun-glasses can damage your sight—says MEDICO.**

"DOCTOR, as I will not be wearing a hat very much this summer, I was wondering if I should get a pair of sun-glasses. I find that the glare hurts my eyes when I'm out of doors."

Well, that isn't surprising, Miss Jones. You must remember that as your daily work keeps you indoors in subdued daylight your eyes have grown accustomed to a less intense light than daylight, so that you really need some protection.

There are many types of glare, but those which usually affect the eyes are reflected and direct. Reflected glare comes from the sea, the beach, the roads, or the sun shining on metal objects, and can cause quite a lot of eye-strain.

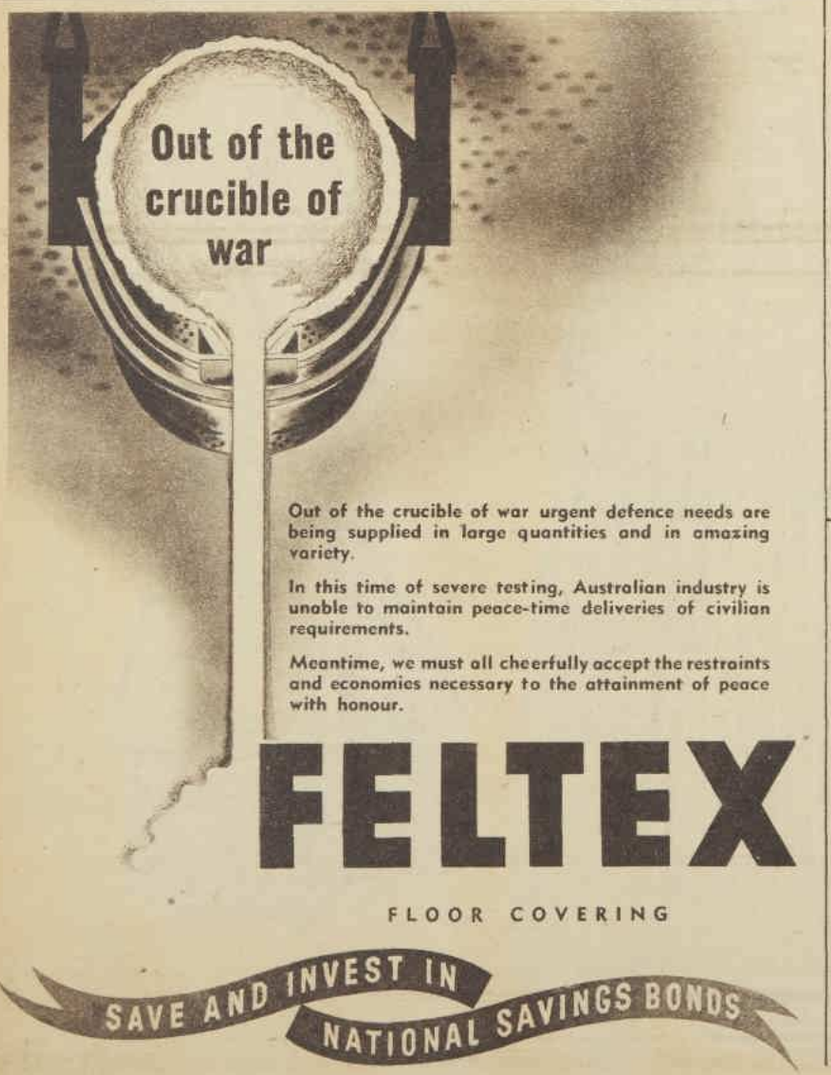
Direct glare comes from the sun. People only look at the sun when there's an eclipse. The danger of looking at the sun is shown by the number of cases of eclipse blindness which fortunately only lasts an hour or so.

It is advisable to buy a good pair of sun-glasses, as the cheap ones can cause more harm than good. They are stamped out by the thousand, and are frequently imperfect.

Pick up a pair and hold them six inches away from your eyes, and if they are faulty you will be surprised at the distortion they cause. They are blown glass instead of glass that is optically ground and polished, and they often contain bubbles, scratches, or other defects.

Even worse, they may not be quite flat, so that a person who has normal sight may suffer a strain.

Cheap, unbranded sun-glasses are poor economy. If you must buy them, try to obtain a pair with lenses that are flat rather than curved.



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When day is done . . .

● Little things a working-girl should do for beauty's sake.

By MARY ROSE, Beauty Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

THE majority of girls are realising that life is not one long procession of cocktail parties, dances, new dresses, hats, and hair-do's.

Nearly all of us are workers with less time for play, less time to do all the things associated with peace-time living.

The girl, however, who tries to turn every leisure hour into a "beano" is foolish. Moreover, she is a traitor to her country. You can't run out to the talkies or to dances and turn up next day fit for the job of work ahead of you. Play is subservient to work.

On the other hand, all work and no play is not good.

Every girl should plan well her leisure hours. She should go to bed before 10 o'clock at least three nights a week. Two nights or a portion of the week-end should be given over to beauty care and attention to clothes.

There is an inner joy and satisfaction to be derived from making over last year's dresses, hats, and the like, in keeping clothes in perfect order. It's good to see the drawers of your dressing-table neatly displaying underwear, gloves, collars, beauty aids, etc.—all in readiness for immediate use.

It is a good plan to spare half an hour for a facial—hand massage or face-pack—at least once a week.

You should give two or three minutes' attention to your nails every night. If you don't use lacquer these days a rub-up with face powder and a buffer will keep the nails glowingly pink and healthy-looking.

Never, never go to bed without removing every vestige of make-up. If your skin is inclined to be dry, use cream. If on the oily side use soap and warm water.

Indulge in a luxury bath occasionally. It's so relaxing, so rejuvenating. Those lightning-like showers are not sufficient to thoroughly cleanse the body.

You brush your teeth, then brush your hair, too, every night—just one hundred strokes for gleaming beauty.

AH, bed is a lovely place after a tiring day . . . Every worker should go to bed before 10 o'clock three nights a week!

Leaves from my diary

● A few notes from a diary I keep in the toolshed to remind me of jobs that have to be done . . . —Says OUR HOME GARDENER

NOVEMBER is a hot, humid month, often accompanied by thunderstorms, so keep the ground well cultivated and loose in order to take advantage of what moisture falls.

. . . . . .

I must visit the grape-vines often this month, watch for signs of downy mildew and caterpillars of the vine-moth. Mildew can be prevented by sprayings of Bordeaux mixture; grubs need arsenate of lead.

. . . . . .

Downy mildew first appears on grape foliage in the form of pale yellow spots. Later, the unmistakable fungi, mycellium (white threads), appear. The spots then spread and the whole underside of the leaves is whitened. It is then too late to cure.

. . . . . .

I must also fill up, every week, the glass fruit-fly traps with about ½ cup of the following mixture: 1 teaspoon essence of vanilla, 1 tablespoon household ammonia, 3 breakfast cups water well shaken together. All the exhausted "lure" must be emptied out, together with the dead flies.

. . . . . .

Must not forget to sow more lettuces, tomatoes, cucumbers, and beetroots for salads. Potatoes will need a final hilling up this week, too, and I'll have to sow more beans, set out more silver beet, and make a final sowing of pumpkins this month.

. . . . . .

Celery will need some poultry manure or sulphate of ammonia about now. Plants will also need to be hilled up or given brown paper collars to blanch them when they are big enough.

. . . . . .

Daffodils and jonquils are dying off. When foliage is dead down to the roots I must lift bulbs and rest them for a few months. This also applies to hyacinths, lachenalias, ixias, freesias.

. . . . . .

Feed up perennial phlox with liquid manure, and they'll flower much better. Pinch out first flowering buds that form in zinnias or plants will be stunted.

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

No need to suffer pre-natal discomforts

THE majority of women feel radiantly well during the pre-natal period, more especially if they carry out the simple rules of healthy living prescribed for them.

Discomforts like morning sickness, "heartburn," cramps can occur during this period, but if promptly treated will cause the mother-to-be little inconvenience.

A leaflet dealing with this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and a copy will be forwarded free if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

You can do a real job...

A MAN'S JOB

There are many military duties previously done by men which women have proved their ability to do with skill, efficiency, and intelligence. If you are between 18 and 45 years, and physically fit, there is a job in the A.W.A.S. which you can do well, whatever the extent of your knowledge, or experience, or training.

FREE MEDICAL AND DENTAL TREATMENT . . .
AMPLE PAY . . GOOD CONDITIONS . . SMART UNIFORMS

VACANCIES FOR:
MOTOR DRIVERS
TELEPHONISTS
COOKS . . . . CLERKS
BOOKKEEPING MACHINE OPERATORS . . TYPISTS
AMBULANCE DRIVERS
WIRELESS TELEGRAPH OPERATORS . ORDERLIES
DRAUGHTSWOMEN
and for ANTI-AIRCRAFT and SEARCHLIGHT UNITS

JOIN THE A·W·A·S

AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S ARMY SERVICE
"THE SERVICE THAT IS 'UNIFORMLY' SMART!"
FURTHER PARTICULARS FROM THE ASSISTANT CONTROLLER OF THE A.W.A.S. AT YOUR NEAREST CAPITAL CITY OR AT THE AREA OFFICE IN THE LOCAL DRILL HALL

Mrs. BROWN IS A GOOD AUSTRALIAN!

Read her story and see why

Gibbs SOLID Dentifrice

in the NEW IVORY container

Large container of Dentifrice 1/8½
Large Refill (lasts about 5 months) 1/4½

G 25.74.A

For Blood, Veins, and Arteries

Elasto REGISTERED The Wonder Tablet

Take It—And Stop Limping!

EVERY sufferer should test this wonderful new Biomedical treatment, which brings quick relief from pain and weariness and creates within the system a new health force, overcoming sluggish, unhealthy conditions, and arousing to full activity the inherent healing powers of the body. No ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the action of "Elasto." Varicose veins are restored to a healthy condition, the arteries become supple, skin troubles clear up, and leg wounds *heal naturally*. There is quick relief from piles and rheumatism in all its forms. This is not magic. It is the natural result of re-vitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by "Elasto"—*the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Everybody is Asking—What is "Elasto"?

THIS question is fully answered in an interesting booklet, which explains in simple language this amazing method of *revitalising the blood*. Your copy is Free, see offer below. Suffice it to say here that "Elasto" is not a drug but a vital cell-food. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins and arteries, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation, *without which there can be no true healing.* NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

What Users of "Elasto" say:

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"Completely healed my varicose ulcers."
"Relieved my Rheumatism and Neuritis."
"'Elasto' has quite cured my eczema."
"My doctor marvelled at my quick recovery from phelibitis."

Send for FREE Booklet

Simply send your name and address to "ELASTO," Box 1552E, Sydney for your FREE copy of the interesting "Elasto" booklet. Or better still, get a supply of "Elasto" (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist today and see for yourself what a wonderful difference "Elasto" makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply.

Elasto will save you pounds!

LADIES PREFER "Sparva"

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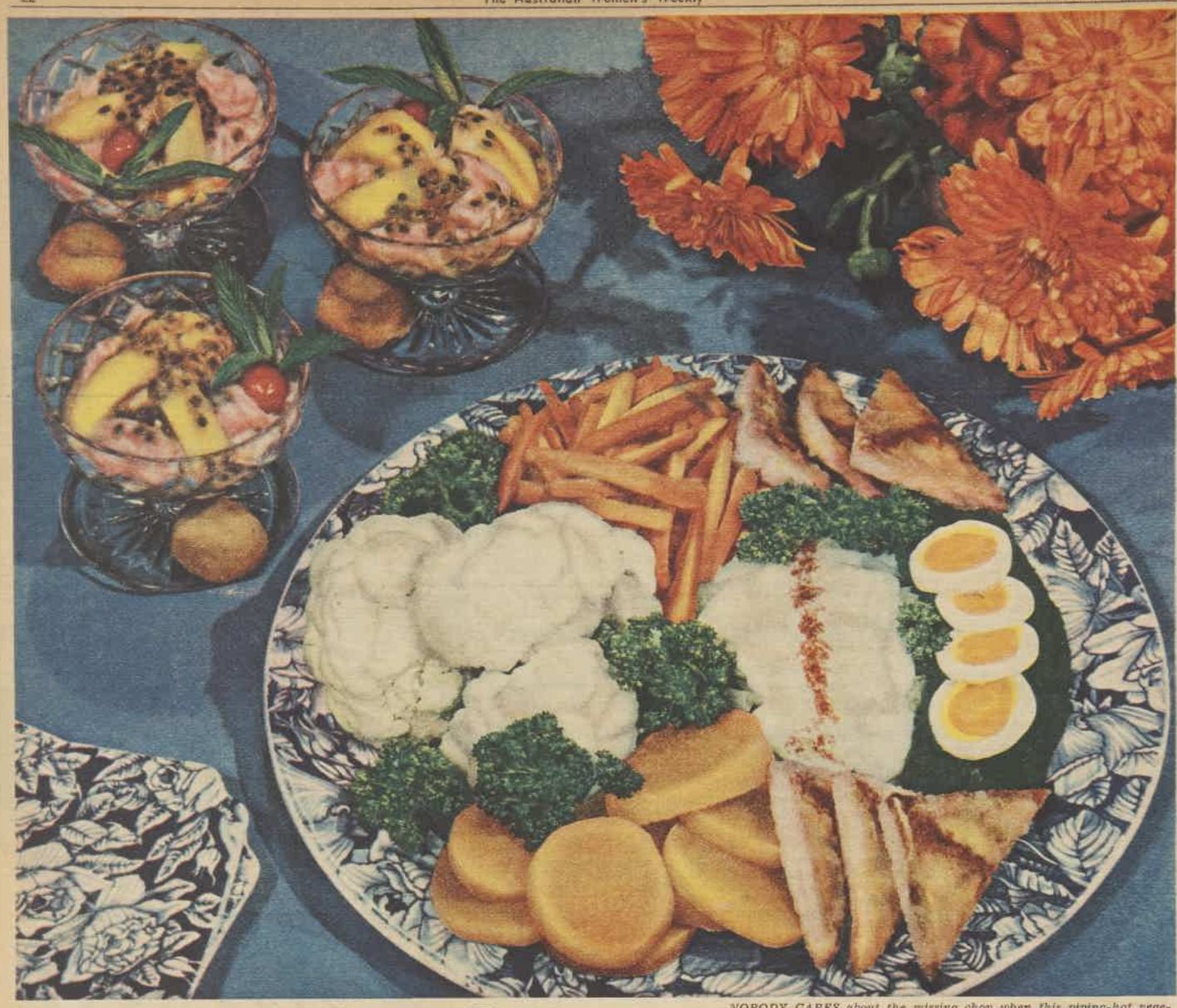

NOBODY CARES about the missing chop when this piping-hot vegetable platter with cheese-glazed toast is served. The sweet is a flummery topped with papaw and passionfruit.

MEATLESS MAIN DISHES...

● No need to worry about meat every day of the week! Here are recipes for hearty, attractive, health-giving dishes that will satisfy every member of the family.

By OLWEN FRANCIS

Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

THE most satisfactory diet for man, woman, and child is the balanced mixed diet—meat, dairy products, fruit, vegetables, and cereals.

We need meat, but it is possible to reduce the amount of meat served weekly in the average home and still maintain a safe standard of family health.

An occasional or a regular meatless day should be planned when the state of the market indicates temporary shortage of meat supplies owing to war conditions.

Meat is a protein food, contains vitamin B1, and has a high satiety value. Its best substitutes are the protein vegetables, peas and beans, and the dairy foods, cheese, eggs, and milk.

On meatless days the dark green leafy vegetables and wholemeal cereals should be included in the menus. These are vitamin B foods.

The following are for the main courses of meatless dinner menus:

VEGETARIAN ROAST

Two cups cooked haricot beans, 1½ cups breadcrumbs, ½ cup grated carrot, ½ cup grated white turnip, 1 large tomato, 1 small onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, ½ teaspoon dried herbs, ½ pint good brown sauce, pepper and salt.

Combine the vegetables, breadcrumbs, chopped onion, tomato, herbs and sauce. Pound well together, and season. An egg may be used for binding. Mould into a roll, brush with milk (or melted bacon fat), and sprinkle with crumbs. Bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 20 minutes. Serve hot with green vegetables.

VEGETABLE SAUSAGES

One and half cups cooked, sieved vegetables, as carrots, turnips, potatoes, ½ cup cooked split peas, ½ cup soft breadcrumbs, ½ teaspoon mixed dried herbs, 1 egg, pepper and salt, flour, milk, and browned crumbs for frying.

Combine the vegetables, soft breadcrumbs, herbs, pepper and salt to taste, and beaten egg. Add a little flour if necessary for correct consistency for rolling into sausage shapes. Roll, brush with milk, and coat with browned crumbs. Deep-fry and serve with leafy green vegetables such as spinach and browned onion gravy.

VEGETABLE SHORTCAKE

Four ounces self-raising flour, 1oz. butter, 2oz. grated cheese, ½ cup milk, ½ teaspoon salt, dash of pepper, one and a half cups diced cooked vegetables (carrots, parsnips, turnips), 1 onion, 1 tomato, ¾ cup good brown or white sauce.

Slice the tomato and onion, season, and place in a thickly greased sandwich tin. Cover with the diced vegetables, and then with the fairly thick brown or white sauce. Make a soft dough by rubbing the butter into the sifted flour, pepper, and salt, and mixing with the milk. Place the lightly-kneaded dough pressed to the size of the tin on the vegetables, and bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for about 25 minutes. Turn out and serve hot.

HARICOT BEAN RISSOLES ON CHEESED TOMATO SLICES

Two cups cooked, sieved haricot beans, 1 dessertspoon onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, ½ cup breadcrumbs, 1 egg, Worcestershire sauce, vinegar, or lemon juice, pepper and salt, browned crumbs for coating, flour.

Combine the sieved beans, chopped onion, parsley, and breadcrumbs and season with pepper, salt, and sauce or vinegar. Bind with half the beaten egg, roll into cakes on a floured board. Brush with beaten egg (add a little water or milk if necessary) and coat with breadcrumbs. Deep-fry and serve on cheesed tomato slices or on hot glazed pineapple slices.

VEGETABLE CASSEROLE WITH PUMPKIN SCONES

One and a half cups diced, cooked carrots, turnips, and parsnips, ½ cup cooked celery, 1 dessertspoon chopped onion, 2 tablespoons fruit chutney, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1½ cups milk, 2 tablespoons soft breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon grated cheese, pepper and salt.

Cook the onion in the butter for 1 or 2 minutes without browning. Add the flour and stir in the milk, stirring until the mixture boils and thickens. Fold in the vegetables and chutney, and season to taste. Pour into a casserole and sprinkle crumbs and cheese on top.

Heat in the oven in which the scones are cooking, leaving the lid off the casserole. Serve with hot pumpkin scones.

Pumpkin Scones: Sift 2 cups self-raising flour, rub in 1 tablespoon butter, add pepper and salt, pinch of nutmeg, ½ teaspoon lemon rind, and stir in 1 cup of mashed pumpkin. Mix to a soft dough with beaten egg and a little milk. Knead lightly, roll to ½-inch thickness, cut, and cook in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 10 to 15 minutes.

VEGETABLE RAREBIT PIES

One dozen small short pastry cases, 2 cups cooked cubed vegetables (carrots, turnips, parsnips), 1 cup white sauce, 12 triangles of cheese to fit tops of pies, chopped parsley.

Combine the sauce and vegetables, heat, and pile into the pastry cases. Place triangle of cheese in each case, and heat under griller or in hot oven until the pies are piping hot and the cheese has glazed the pies. Sprinkle with chopped parsley and serve with green vegetables.

Kitchen cut-outs

BASIC RECIPE No. 20

CARROTS AND PARSNIPS

Preparation: Cut off green and trim tops with pointed knife. Wash young carrots and parsnips, leaving on skin and cooking whole. Scrape larger ones, cutting in quarters, rings, strips, or dice.

Waterless Method: Cook in a strong, tightly lidded pan with a small quantity of boiling water over a low, even heat. The vegetables (average family quantity) will take 10 to 15 minutes to cook. Little draining is required and food value and flavor are retained by this method. Season by light sprinkling. After draining a little butter and chopped mint or parsley may be added to the pan. Cover tightly for 2 minutes after adding mint to extract flavor.

Casserole: Slice in rings or strips and place in casserole. Add just enough boiling water to cover the bottom of the casserole to about ½-inch depth. Cook in the oven with an oven dinner; the time for cooking depends on the temperature of the oven.

Water Method: Place the carrots or parsnips in sufficient boiling, salted water (1 teaspoon salt to 1 quart) and cook slowly in a lidded pan until tender. Reserve the carrot-cooking water for sauce or stock.

Variation

Glazed Carrots: Cook baby carrots or carrot strips in a tightly covered pan or casserole with very little water. Sprinkle fairly heavily with brown sugar and dot with butter before cooking. When tender drain if necessary and sprinkle with finely-chopped mint.

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CASH PRIZES every week for recipes

● Contributions are invited from all our readers. Help yourself, help others, and let the family see their favorite recipe in print.

EGGS and cheese are first favorites with hundreds of readers at present. A large proportion of entries have these as the main ingredients.

The winning recipe, Swiss ring mould, is an excellent dish for a meatless main meal.

It is also easily varied, as spaghetti can replace the rice or even breadcrumbs, and left-over vegetables with chopped parsley can replace the tomatoes.

When a ring mould is mentioned in a recipe a sandwich tin with a round cutter or cup in the centre can always take its place.

SWISS RING MOULD

Brown 1 small chopped onion in 1 tablespoon butter or dripping in a pan, add 2 cup chopped skinned tomatoes and 1½ cups cooked rice and cook till rice absorbs all liquid.

Add ⅔ cup shredded cheese with salt and pepper. Pack in a buttered ring mould and keep hot; failing a ring mould press firmly into a sandwich tin, leaving a hole in the centre to take scrambled eggs.

Scramble 4 eggs, unmould the ring on a dish, fill centre with scrambled eggs and garnish with tomato and parsley. This dish will serve a family of 4 persons.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Clear, 106 Murray St., Wagga Wagga, N.S.W.

SAVORY MERINGUE

Have some pastry patty-cases baked ready. Take 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 tablespoon crumbled wholewheat biscuits, 1 dessertspoon milk, ¼ teaspoon salt, sprinkle of nutmeg, finely chopped parsley, chopped walnuts.

Separate egg-yolks and whites. Beat yolks well, add parsley, milk and salt. Beat whites to a stiff froth, add the cheese, biscuit, nutmeg, and salt each beaten lightly in. Pour yolks into cases, pile high with the meringue, top each with chopped walnut and bake in a hot oven till set. Serve at once. Makes 6 large or 8 small savories.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Reeder, 19 Moorookyle Ave., Oakleigh SE12, Vic.

CHEESE PIKELETS

One cup self-raising flour, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, ¼ teaspoon cayenne, a good pinch of salt, 1 egg, 1 dessertspoon melted butter, small ½ cup milk.

Sift flour, pepper, and salt. Beat egg, add grated cheese, then add flours and milk, alternately. Then add melted butter. Put on hot greased pan, in spoonfuls, and fry, turning to brown.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss A. McLean, 172 Skene St., Warrnambool, Vic.

NETTLE CHAMP
(An Irish dish)

Scald young nettles to remove the "sting." (Pick them with gloved hands). Wash, scald, and then cool the nettles in milk for about 20 minutes. Cook potatoes in salted water, then drain them, cover saucepan with a clean towel to absorb steam, and wash them. Now stir in cooked nettles and milk. Beat till creamy. Season with pepper and salt, add a little more milk if necessary. Serve very hot. A large nut of butter beaten in is an improvement. Champ can be made also with broad beans, cooked cabbage, chopped parsley, peas, spring onions, or chives.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to M. Alleyne, Koowarra Tce., North Largs, S.A.

PASSIONFRUIT-SKIN JAM

Place skins from 12 passionfruit in saucepan, cover with water and boil gently till insides puff up and are soft enough to remove with a spoon. Drain water from shells and add to it scooped-out pulp; allow 1 cup sugar to each cup pulp and juice, and juice of 1 lemon. Boil rapidly till a little jells when tested on a cold plate.

This jam is a lovely wine color and in flavor can hardly be told from grape jam.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. Richards, 72 Ross St., Richmond E1, Vic.

BANANA PASSIONFRUIT CAKE

Half cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 2 cups plain flour, ½ teaspoon carb. soda (good), bare ½ cup milk, 3 banana passionfruit, 1 teaspoon salt.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream, add well-beaten eggs, then fruit, and stir till well mixed. Add sifted flour and soda alternately with the milk. Bake in moderate oven.

The original recipe is 2 teaspoons baking powder instead of the carb. soda and no fruit, but I found the acid of the fruit is sufficient—and thus saves the baking powder. However, if cocoa, fruit, or flavoring essence is used, the baking powder is essential.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Joyce M. Donkin, Wanaman Pte. Bag, Wingham, N.S.W.

SUBSTITUTE FOR VACUUM FLASK

With vacuum flasks at a premium the following will be found very serviceable and inexpensive: Procure an ordinary glass bottle, some stockinet and newspapers. Tear the latter into ragged pieces, and soak in cold water. Make a strong paste and coat the bottle thickly all over and well up the neck, then proceed to put alternate layers of paper and paste until you have a good thickness, then paste well, and put on one layer of stockinet, sticking well, and keeping all a good shape. Lastly add a layer of paper. Put it away to dry thoroughly and complete with a good cork. The finished article will be found to conform with all the advantages of a genuine flask.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Grace Hubbard, 9 Bridgewater St., Rozelle, N.S.W.

STEAMED CORN BEEF ROLL

One pound cooked corn beef, ½lb. bacon, ½lb. breadcrumbs, 2 eggs, ½ pint stock, chopped parsley, thyme, pepper and salt.

Put any remnants of left-over corn beef (1lb.) through mincing machine, together with bacon; add breadcrumbs, seasoning, beaten eggs, and ½ pint stock. Form into a roll and put in a pudding cloth, tie at both ends. Steam for three hours. Place between two plates and press well. When cold, serve with a thick glaze.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Ruby Perkins, 2 Mawhera Ave., Lower Sandy Bay, Hobart.

BOILED FRUIT PUDDINGS
Suitable for Christmas

RICH FRUIT PUDDING

One and a half pounds minced suet, 1lb. brown sugar, 2lb. mixed fruit, 1 wineglass brandy (if to be kept for weeks, milk for a week or two), 1lb. white breadcrumbs, ½lb. sifted flour, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, ½ teaspoon grated nutmeg, 6 eggs, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ pint milk.

Sift the flour, spices and salt, and rub in the suet and breadcrumbs. Add the sugar and fruits and mix in the beaten eggs, milk, and brandy. Place in three greased basins or pudding cloths, tie securely, plunge in boiling water, and boil gently for 6 hours.

This mixture will keep for months. Make at least 2 weeks before using, and boil about 1½ hours on serving day.

INEXPENSIVE FRUIT PUDDING

Six ounces plain flour, 2 cups fine white breadcrumbs, ½ teaspoon carbonate of soda, 1 cup suet (flaked and finely chopped), 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup grated apple, 1lb. mixed fruit, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon spice (may be omitted), ½ cup milk, 1-8th teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon grated lemon and orange rind.

Sift the flour, salt, and spice, rub in the suet and brown sugar. Add the fruit and apple and mix with slightly beaten eggs and milk, in which the soda has been dissolved. Place in greased basin, cover securely with cloth, and boil 3½ to 4 hours. Make day of serving or day before. Makes one large pudding sufficient for 12 people.

PUDDINGS make very welcome Christmas gifts. Those pictured above are designed for a Service Hostel . . . Note secure pudding-cloth handles. These handles make it easy to lower puddings into boiling water and hook out from same when cooked.

THE DOCTOR'S DIARY

This diagnosis applies to you if you are subject to Rheumatism — Backache Muscular Pains High Blood Pressure

Doctor (Examining Patient): "This pain in your back. Just what do you feel?"

Patient: "Sometimes it's a steady ache; other times a series of stabbing pains a little on one side."

Doctor: "You say your shoulders ache, also your arms and legs?"

Patient: "Yes. I've had that for a long time."

Doctor: "Do you find it an effort to get up after stooping?"

Patient: "Yes, Doctor. My legs get cramped and stiff when I stoop or bend for any time."

Doctor: "Do you find your joints creak when bending or walking up steps?"

Patient: "Yes, it feels as if the bones in my ankles are grinding together."

Doctor: "When you wake up in the morning, are your eyes pouched and puffy?"

Patient: "Yes, Doctor. I've noticed that it is getting more pronounced, too."

Doctor: "You don't want to become a chronic invalid, crippled with rheumatism—useless to yourself and a nuisance to everyone else. You have been neglecting your health for some time, and now your kidneys are not doing their work of filtering out the poisons from your blood."

Patient: "I suppose that accounts for the pain and stiffness in my limbs and shoulders?"

Doctor: "Partly. It also accounts for the pains you get in the back."

If you suffer from Rheumatism, Kidney Troubles, High Blood Pressure, Flushes to Neck and Face, Backache, or Bladder troubles, get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids from your Chemist or Store. A pure herbal treatment, Menthoids can only do you good and can be taken safely by even the most delicate patient.

Get genuine Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids from your nearest Chemist or Store. Large flasks are 6/6, small flasks 3/6—and each contains a valuable FREE Diet Chart. M49A

SKIN SORES?

Cause Killed in 3 Days

The very first application of Nixoderm begins to clear away skin sores. Use Nixoderm to-night, and you will soon see your skin becoming soft, smooth and clear. Nixoderm is a new discovery that kills germs and parasites on the skin that cause Skin Sores, Pimples, Boils, Red Blotches, Eczema, Ringworm, and Eruptions. You can't get rid of your skin troubles until you remove the germs that hide in the tiny pores of your skin. So get Nixoderm from your Chemist to-day under positive guarantee that Nixoderm will banish skin sores, clear your skin soft and smooth, or money back on return of empty package.

Nixoderm now 2/-

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Aunt Polly says . . .

It's old fashioned to think good cooking can hold a man. But some men are old-fashioned.

* * *

My new neighbour baked me an apple pie just because I told her about Rinso. Shucks, I think everybody should know how breezy-bright Rinso's thick rich suds get the clothes!

* * *

Success is gettin' what you want in life, but happiness is wantin' what you get.

* * *

My Uncle Joe is bald as a door-knob, but folks still get in his hair.

* * *

Maybe it's not etiquette to brag, but sometimes folks'll thank you . . . Like when you tell 'em that Rinso makes linens last months an' months longer afore they show signs of wear. And ever noticed how new-looking Rinso keeps silks and woollies?

Its richer, thicker suds make the whole wash sparkle

Rinso

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Take care of that swim suit...

It can be made to last longer!

YES After using, rinse suit at once in clear, cold water.

YES Squeeze water out—do not twist or wring.

NO Do not use hot water or soap.

NO Avoid hot showers on suit.

NO Avoid rough or abrasive surfaces.

NO Protect from moths or other insects.

YES Dry thoroughly, away from sun or direct heat, before putting away.

NO Do not use cleaning solvents yourself. These should only be applied by professional cleaners.

NO Suntan oils are harmful to "Lastex." Keep them away from your suit if it contains "Lastex."

NO Any swim suit containing "Lastex" may be harmed if allowed to remain in the sun between wearings.

Jantzen's famous machinery is now knitting warmth, comfort and perfect, permanent fit for our Fighting Forces.

All swim suit departments are showing the new 1942 Jantzens...and there will be Jantzen outerwear again next Winter.

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